THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

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LAND OF THE FREE

THREE days after the publication date of this number of THE COMMONWEAL, on March 25—the Feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary—the two hundred and ninety-ninth anniversary of the Founding of Maryland by Lord Calvert and his associates, from which event sprang the first establishment of the principle and practice of religious liberty in America, will be honored by The Calvert Associates in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, where the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass will be offered for the intentions of the associates, and a "Te Deum" will be sung as a manifestation of their rejoicing in and gratitude for the great gift of religious and civic liberty enjoyed by the people of the United States of America. Ever since their incorporation in 1922, The Calvert Associates have publicly celebrated the anniversary of the founding of Maryland by some form of civic exercises, honored by the publicly expressed approval and commendation of the successive Presidents of the United States, and by many leaders of various religious and civic organizations, Catholic, Protestant and Jewish. For two reasons it seemed best this year to concentrate our efforts in a purely spiritual celebration—the first reason being that in view of the present critical state of both public and private affairs the time and energies of all our leaders of State and Church should not be diverted from their efforts to solve our pressing social problems; and the second, and perhaps even more important, reason being that at a time like this, when first things should be placed first by all those who truly desire that right order should be established in society, we should show forth a sign that we place our trust in God rather than in men for the preservation of our peace and liberties.

We would then urge all the members and friends of The Calvert Associates—whether Catholics or not—who conveniently can do so to attend the Mass and the "Te Deum" at nine o'clock on the morning of March 25, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York. And we ask all our Catholic members and friends throughout the country to attend, if possible, at Mass in their own cities or towns or villages, and to unite their prayers with those able to gather in the cathedral in New York. And we invite our non-Catholic members and friends who cannot go to the Mass, to attend at the "Te Deum," if they can, or to give us what they have already so generously given us on so many other occasions, the benefit of their coöperating prayers and

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good wishes—even as we gladly unite with them in all movements for the common weal.

Next year, celebration of the three-hundredth anniversary of the founding of Maryland and establishment of religious liberty in America will be held by the whole nation, centered, of course, in the religious and civic exercises being planned for Baltimore and Washington. For ten years The Calvert Associates have done what they could to coöperate with the patriotic and historical and religious societies and individuals in Maryland in the work of directing public attention to the approaching tercentenary of the coming of the Ark and the Dove to Maryland on March 25, 1634, and this year, on the eve of that culminating celebration, we do not relax our efforts, but rather concentrate them. An appropriate program for the civic exercises of 1934 is being prepared by a special committee appointed by Governor Ritchie of Maryland; while a program for special Catholic exercises is similarly being prepared by a committee appointed by Archbishop Curley of Baltimore. Both programs will be made public in due time. Since such experts on Maryland's Catholic history—which is central to the whole history of Catholicism in America—as Dr. Peter Guilday and Reverend John La Farge, S.J., are on the Archbishop's committee, we may rest assured that the great importance and vital meanings of the celebration of 1934 will be adequately realized, and clearly and effectively placed in the public view. We may, of course, expect the same comprehensiveness and effectiveness from Governor Ritchie's civic committee.

With religious liberty completely denied and its total destruction decreed by the atheist government of Russia, the first such government ever to be organized, and the repression of religious rights actively proceeding against Christians and Jews in many parts of the world —Mexico, Spain, and Germany are tremendous examples of the process—the maintenance of the principle and the unfettered practice of religious liberty in the United States is a matter of paramount importance. The land of the free must not only preserve its own religious and civic liberties, but must aid other peoples elsewhere in all feasible ways to stem the tide of tyranny rising against the few citadels of freedom left intact in the world.

In order to inspire still further our own efforts in fostering the spirit and the practice of liberty, and to encourage our friends who strive for the same great purpose, The Calvert Associates who are going as pilgrims to Rome next month will present the following communication to the Pope. We invite the members of The Calvert Associates, and our friends and well wishers, to write at once to this office, giving us their names to add to the signers of the letter.

"Most Holy Father: The Calvert Associates, a society incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, to promote educational, literary and historical studies conducive to the best interests of the people of the United States of America, irrespective of their various religious beliefs—Catholic, Protestant and Jewish—through this delegation composed of their Catholic members, pilgrims to Rome, who are taking part in the exercises of the Holy Year of Jubilee, desire to offer to Your Holiness the most loyal and devoted homage of their Catholic members, together with the respectful felicitations and greetings of their Protestant and Jewish friends, assuring you of their gratitude to you as the Vicar of Jesus Christ for your unceasing and fruitful labors on behalf of economic and political justice for and among all classes of society, and for the promotion of peace among nations.

"With the permission and approval of the Ordinary of the Archdiocese of New York, in which diocese the headquarters of our society is located, and that of the Ordinary of the Archdiocese of Baltimore, from which diocese the society derives its historical mission, and the further permission and patronage of the ordinaries of all the dioceses of the United States in which the members of our society carry on its work, The Calvert Associates strive to promote the papal teachings concerning social justice, as laid down particularly in the encyclical letter, "Quadragesimo Anno," of Your Holiness. The society also works to promote, to exemplify and to strengthen those happy conditions of amity and coöperation among all American citizens, whether Catholic, Protestant or Jewish, in all matters concerned with the common welfare of the American nation, which prevail among its people because of the guarantees of religious liberty for all its citizens established by the Constitution of the United States, and which flourish despite occasional and temporary manifestations of ill-will and prejudice stirred up by a few malcontents among ignorant minorities.

"More especially does the society of The Calvert Associates wish to promulgate knowledge and appreciation of the great blessing bestowed upon the American nation by George and Cecil Calvert, successively Lords of Baltimore, who established the Principality of Maryland on the Feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, in the year of Our Lord 1634. From that event proceeded in due order the canonical erection of the hierarchy in those lands which later became the nation of the United States, in which nation the Holy and Apostolic Catholic Roman Church has flourished so greatly. The three-hundredth anniversary of the founding of Maryland by the Catholic Lords of Baltimore will be celebrated on March 25, 1934, the Feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, not only by the Catholics of Maryland, but by those of the entire nation, and not only by all Catholics, but also by the government of the state of Maryland, and many patriotic and historical associations.

"Therefore, Holy Father, we pray, on behalf of ourselves, our fellow associates, and our coöperating friends and well wishers, your Apostolic Blessing on our work, and upon all the people of the United States of America, as we prepare for this momentous celebration."

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WEEK BY WEEK

WHYS and wherefores in number can be listed to account for the collapse of the nation's banking system, but it is prudent to think that no accurate catalogue of them has been issued. To be sure there was a popular belief that inflation would be resorted to; and in the hope of profiting by it, thousands of people doubtless withdrew their deposits and hoarded gold. We have commented elsewhere on the silly propaganda which fomented this activity. But above and beyond all this is the fact that the credit structure of many banks has been so completely undermined by bad loans and other entanglements that the oxygen administered by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation no longer sufficed. When the whole story of the Michigan moratorium is written—if it ever is written—we may be in a better position to know what has been going on. The emergency was doubtless grave enough to justify all the extraordinary measures adopted. In spite of much talk to the contrary, there are still enough real students of banking and money among the nation's bond salesmen to justify the conviction that nothing unnecessary was done. Yet it would be impossible to conceive of either a larger grant of authority to the President or of a more drastic curtailment of individual privileges than those we have read about during the past week.

The Banking Crisis

CONGRESS speedily complied with the desires of the administration and passed an emergency law which is decidedly novel in important respects. Power is taken from the individual banks and concentrated in the Treasury. Accordingly the Federal Reserve System becomes, to all intents and purposes, a government institution which can be opened and shut almost as if it were a single safe. The member banks are mere cogs in the machine, and the serviceability of any one can be questioned at pleasure. Authority to supervise in virtually every sense is likewise conferred on the Treasury. As a reward, the member banks are guaranteed the use of sufficient currency to meet all requirements and (to all intents and purposes) liquidate their "frozen" assets. Senator Glass pointed out that under this law no such thing as a "sound frozen asset" will exist. In the twinkling of an eye, should need arise, such assets can be converted into bank notes. Still more unusual is the method devised for permitting coöperation between the Federal Reserve and the state banks. Were it not that emergency makes us all good, this feature of the bill would hardly have received the approval of Congress. As a whole, the acts of the government are a clear index to the nature of our trouble, and an indication that the solution sought will be definitely authoritarian. But all this was admirably counterbalanced by the President's decision to address the people; and his radio address of March 12 was a masterpiece of tact and lucid exposition.

Victory for Hitler

SWASTIKAS and orations were strongly to the fore in the last German election, so that the reformed Harzburg front got a majority of the ballots cast. There is thus presented the anomaly of a dictatorship established under a parliamentary constitution. The Communists were chased into hiding and for the time being thoroughly scared—an event which, in view of the party's quixotic moods and feeble leadership, might have been expected. But it is exceedingly doubtful whether even the labor unions, so powerful in 1919, can manage to survive the fierce concerted attack now being made upon them. That is the real problem. For despite its ideological basis and its blunders, the Social Democratic party had made great strides during recent years toward a moderate conception of the economic state and toward a modicum of genuine liberalism in religious matters. All of this the Centrists were far-sighted enough to realize. If this labor movement is to crumble, the nature of what the Hitlerites wish to put in its place becomes exceedingly important. To date, there is singularly little evidence of a constructive program. The Von Hindenburg group is seemingly determined to maintain the financial and credit structure of the nation; and Hitler's mission to date seems to be imitating the political gestures of Fascism. Obviously he will have to produce something better than a flag or a uniform, for Germany is after all a country where noise palls after a while. The easiest way toward victory would seem to lie through the achievement of some specious success in the field of foreign affairs. Specious, we say. For Germany's supreme weapon now is not anything like military strength, but the world's fear lest her economic weakness endanger everyone. Life will be easy for the Nazis during the next few months, but what is to happen after that remains a huge puzzle.

Emancipating the Speakeasy

THINGS grow funnier and funnier. On March 8, by order of Commissioner Woodcock, the great association of traders in bootleg liquor was declared emancipated from all federal interference. Henceforth the citizen in need of solace may feel sure that he can get all the way through as many old-fashioneds as seems desirable, and his host can walk up and down outside the door in an apron. The federal government has no money to waste. And so we face the anomalous situation that while banks, stock exchanges, railroads and public utilities are sure to come in for more supervision by Washington than has been the case, selling liquor will go unbothered. To be sure, there is bound to be a change when repeal is finally decided upon, but that may still be a long way off. Perhaps, however, we ought to see a good omen in this queer development. The idea that government must supervise the moral habits of the nation, decreeing abstinence from this and that, is obviously waning. And on the other hand, the ancient and honorable con-

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cept of the state as supervisor of the temporal affairs of a people is returning to favor. Generally speaking, we applaud the trend.

Abroad at Home

DURING the past week we received information that Catholic Action was successfully spreading along two new fronts: poetry and social justice. Then Sunday afternoon we happened to be strolling around the game fields in Central Park; some Irishmen were playing at hurling on one side, making some very neat strokes by lifting the ball with the ends of their hurleys and smacking it hard while it was in the air; baseball was being played on two nearby diamonds whose outfields mixed somewhat with the hurling grounds; and our particular attention, when we were not dodging the hurley or one of the baseballs, was divided on two soccer football games, one between a club of Frenchmen and a group of Nordics, and another between some Spanish fellows in berets and brilliant red and yellow shirts and blue shorts and the more soberly clad team of a German Socialist club. The best of fun was being had by all, and the boiling of the melting pot was here an admirably pleasant thing to see. This kind of turbulence, we hope, is reflected in the vigor of Catholic Action. Seriously, the idea of mixing soccer with Socialism seems worthy of emulation. Could not the Catholic League for Social Justice which is reporting the formation of new units in principal cities throughout the country, besides its necessary indoor meetings, get out and play soccer with the Socialists? This happy fullness of expression is essential if social theorizing is to break out of, not a vicious circle, certainly, but an involving spiral, say, that turns ultimately on the absolute of knowing God. In all charity, socking Socialists, or even striking bankers with bladders, won't do; but getting out and playing soccer with Socialists would do nicely. And the poets, we hope, not only find inspiration in the meetings of their own units of the Catholic Poetry Society, but also find amiable ways of give and take even with Communists who otherwise might not know the measures of Christian hearts.

Spiritual Music

MOTETS by Palestrina, Vittoria, de Lassus and other masters of classic polyphony, and the beautiful eight-part unpublished chorus, "Our Lady Sings," by E. L. Voynich, are to be sung at a public concert by the Choir of the Pius X School of Liturgical Music at Town Hall, New York, on March 29. This is the second public concert of this famous Choir, and it is a musical event not only of the year, but also distinctly for our times, one that marks the progress in America of the perfect beauty in liturgical music so earnestly desired by the Holy See. Those who have heard this music know that it is a real flowering of our storied Christianity, a flowering as rich and various as the intricate art of some great Gothic cathedral, a blossoming of the spirit of Christianity which devotes our mortal aims to the highest ends in the perfectioning of our human faculties. Pagan art, and even Christian lay art, without that devotion of aim, though it may achieve remarkable virtuosity, remains only that, an exhibition of human skill. True Christian art which seeks to elevate our human faculties to Almighty God, speaks in its perfection not only to the mortal ear, but also to the spiritual; not as a matter of metaphor but as a matter of fact, of deliberate, intelligent purpose, of devotion, and of a continuity of effort in the Church through the centuries.

THE PERFORMANCE of this unearthly music and the atmosphere created by it by the Choir at its concert last April, called forth the unanimous, enthusiastic approval of the critics. That is worldly accomplishment obviously distinguished and worth while; yet, as we have intimated, it is only a marker in the fullness of accomplishment of the Pius X School, of its day-by-day singing before the Lord at the Holy Mass, and its dissemination in our country of the perfection of such singing. The School's interpretation, particularly of Gregorian Chant, is based on the great traditions of Solesmes and especially on the training of the late Dom André Mocquereau who visited the school in 1920 and 1922. The Choir is trained by Mother G. Stevens, R.S.C.J., director of the Pius X School, and at the concert it will be conducted by one of its members, with Achilles Bragers at the organ. The concert is being given under the auspices of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, and we can only add that those who can attend are fortunate.

The American Girl

THERE is universal agreement on the value of the Girl Scout movement, but probably not enough appreciation of the quality of its effort and ministration. A useful reminder of the fact that it does even more than organize outdoor activity and promote general good-will comes in the International Number of the *American Girl,* its official organ. This magazine is, in the obvious ways, what one would expect the mouthpiece of an important organization to be: very well edited, good in format and illustration, and with its emphasis intelligently distributed among the various departments—fiction, travel, camp experiences, editorial discussion, letter exchange, fashion hints and so on—that best serve its purpose. But it has, besides, a pervading spirit that is very remarkable: a combination of unpriggish wholeness and humanity, of taking the job very seriously and respectfully and getting a lot of common, ordinary fun out of it. To be uplifting without the atmosphere of "uplift," to secure adolescent fiction that is wholesome without being vapid or badly written (some of it is really distinguished), to present lofty ideals of fellowship simply and sincerely, to discuss major current events in a way that meets the youthful mind without patronizing

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it, is an achievement. It takes professional competence and then something else: that something that reflects the best in the Girl Scout movement itself, and beyond question explains its vitality.

George Herbert

THREE HUNDRED years is a long time during which to be remembered, if one is not Shakespeare or Peter the Hermit but only an English parson and poet. Yet very many will think of George Herbert, with gratitude and reverence; and we ourselves think that if the English Church ever lists its saints, his name will be among those to which the world at large will most gladly do honor. What interests us particularly today is, of course, the fact that he did not come by his gentleness of spirit and his inward power through any accident, but toiled for them in combat, the processes of which he himself has described. The outline is interestingly revealed in a fine article contributed to the current *Nineteenth Century* by F. E. Hutchinson, to which we refer the reader. Among the interesting things it contains is another reference to "The Collar," which is a poem freed by emotion and given the status of *vers libre* even though the thought to which it arrives is the essence of Christian restraint. Herbert writes:

> "But as I raved and grew more fierce and wilde
> At every word,
> Me thought I heard one calling, 'Childe';
> And I replied, 'My Lord.' "

No poem could be more utterly personal, and yet it would be impossible to summarize more accurately universal Christian experience. It is for such reasons that the name of Herbert will abide as long as the language and the faith he served.

Is This the Yellow Peril?

WHEN the British Broadcasting Corporation recently arranged to have both the Chinese Ambassador and Mr. Matsuoka broadcast their respective versions of what is going on in Jehol, the two eminent Orientals were kept on opposite sides of the studio corridor. It was a tactful way to avoid the "mutual embarrassment" that radio officials naturally feared from an encounter, and would not merit special mention if it did not forcibly recall a much more striking "situation" between other emissaries of the two powers, which arose about a week earlier. According to news despatches, the Chinese and the Japanese arms agents arrived simultaneously at the British munitions factory which was filling orders for both—orders, presumably, antedating the arms embargo. Perhaps there was no corridor to put them on opposite sides of. At any rate, they met; they acknowledged each the other's presence; they conversed. But though their subject was the expected one of arms and the man, the issue was totally unexpected —at least to the Occidentals fearfully watching for blows to be exchanged. It was not blows which were exchanged, but price lists; and the exchange was followed by the swift and pacific agreement that prices were exorbitant and must be brought down. And brought down they were, to the tune of about 40 percent, apparently; Cherry Blossom and Dragon both blandly resolute on doing business on no other basis. The incident probably has ethnic and political bearings, though we feel unable to formulate them; but will not the House of Commons (which is said to have roared appreciatively on being told about it) presently introduce a bill for Corridors in Munitions Works?

THE LAST BUMP

THE BANKING crisis which was synchronized with Mr. Roosevelt's inauguration was a real blessing to the nation. A blessing in disguise, of course. But this was the final bump for which we have been heading as a society, and the sole question was how we would get there and when. It is a splendid tribute to the resources and political institutions of the United States to say that our method of arrival was surprisingly good. The various authorities concerned harmonized at the right moment; and just when further dawdling would have been ruinous, all dawdling ceased and energetic concerted action took its place. From this point we have a chance to retrace our steps—to come back, not all at once but gradually and soberly, from the disastrous dead-end road down which we have been speeding for twenty years. Of course everything depends upon how this chance is utilized. But we now have it, and there must be no doubt on that score.

Was it necessary that the American people should have to face this calamity? The answer is an unqualified "yes." Over and over again it has been said that the disturbances of the past four years were due to a waning of "confidence." The diagnosis is absolutely correct. Without the assurance that he can get another dollar somewhere, the citizen will not spend the one he has for goods and services. Minus the hope that he can sell merchandise contracted for, the merchant is powerless to effect any use of credit. Without orders, neither producer nor manufacturer can employ labor, meet obligations and pay taxes. And finally, shorn of revenue, the government itself is financially paralyzed. At every point along the industrial front there is a similar inability to advance and the same compulsion to retreat. Under such conditions, the vender of little social and industrial patent medicines is like a corporal who in the midst of a rout calls upon his squad to face about and dig in. Though he be as persuasive as a 1924 salesman and as melodious as a nightingale, the boys keep on retreating.

But confidence in what? The principal characteristic of what has been improperly termed "American idealism" is the kind of confidence known as gullibility. Up to 1914, we were a relatively timid and realistic people. Most of us had arrived here very poor, and

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we squirmed our way through wars, panics and political escapades to the position of relatively keen appraisal which characterized us in 1912. That was the year of Mr. Wilson's "new freedom," which served as a happy summary of the nation's state of mind. It was a critical and social-minded people which set to work reforming the banking system and the civil service; to carrying through a great program of temperance reform; and to equalizing, by means of more equitably distributed taxes, a wealth which already then seemed anti-socially concentrated in the hands of the few. Nobody can see where we are now unless he sees where we were then—politically, socially, financially and morally.

Then came the war, and America suddenly found itself in reverse gear. Demands from abroad completely altered the structure of American farming and industry, bringing with them an incentive to stimulate production and to engage in financial maneuvers on a world-wide scale. Even in 1916 it seemed incredible that the United States, which in 1912 had still been talking provincially, was on the verge of supplanting mighty Britain as banker to the human race. But as our industry expanded, so did our "idealism." We were suddenly in the war, not to gain this or that objective (as had been the case in all our previous conflicts) but to rescue humanity and to accomplish God only knows what miracles of regeneration. Whether we should have entered the fight or not is a question apart, which must be decided on its own merits. But entering without the slightest trace of a concrete objective, entering on the assumption that our expansion of civic interest had to be as great and vague as our industrial expansion, was merely a proof that our "confidence" was unbounded and our gullibility staggering. And in like manner we declared that laborious temperance efforts were too slow, and that as we could change the world by taking up arms, so also could we change human nature by passing a law.

In a measure the Wilsonian era still found our spiritual confidence as big as our business credulousness. But when the first received a dizzying blow, the second began to reign autonomously and to make of us, the sober sons of Ben Franklin and of abstemious European peasants, the biggest business jackasses on record. Without having made any effort to readjust our banking and political structure to the new rôle in world affairs which it had become our destiny to play, we placed unlimited faith in that array of card-sharpers and mountebanks whose record is now written into the four volumes of the Senate hearings on banking and finance. Never was there a story like this. But as one reads it, one needs to bear in mind always that relatively little of it would have happened if the people as a whole had not so decided. Their cupidity and their indifference, their credulity and lack of sound moral principle, were the motivating energies which not only exalted but crowned with laurel wreaths the cheer leaders of the fantastic game of ruin.

In 1929 and 1930, Mr. Hoover quite correctly asked for confidence. But where was it to be had? Now this wing and now that of the new Tower of Babel was crashing to the ground, for all the hammering and the sawing done on flimsy boards by carpenters and contractors. The din was terrific, yet even it did not thoroughly sober the nation or the world. Everybody abandoned the structure, and there began an excited hunt for foundations. Gold was the bottom—surely gold! By building on this one could speedily put up a new economic house. There ensued that mad scramble for cash and bullion which, based on far-flung demagogic statements that inflation would fix everything, became the immediate cause of the banking disaster. Or foreign trade was the bottom—just as loans to foreign countries were the "secure substructure" of 1925. Or maybe it was raising prices, by recourse to artificial expedients as powerless and absurd as Voodoo incantations. Or maybe it was technocracy—that craze the value of which lay in its ability to reveal huge reservoirs of economic hickism which might otherwise have been undetected.

Well, today we are finally at the bottom. It has become clear that the institutional substructure of our common life is that upon which our fortunes as a people depend. Confidence in the banking system is possible only when it is a system, organized to carry on its business practicably and honestly. When we succeed in getting such a system, we shall find that our credit structure is as firm as is that of Britain and Canada, regardless of gold. Confidence in government is possible only when there is government and not a permanent debating society in which pros and cons are argued by representatives of special interest and wild-eyed panacea experts.

We shall secure such government again if the man who addressed the nation on March 4 is able, under Providence and with the consent of his fellow citizens, to do what he promised to do. And in so far as the world at large is concerned, we shall get somewhere if we stop talking about it in terms of the dizzy decade. Europe is not Timbuctoo. It is just simply another United States, with different traditions and alien political and social institutions. Therefore we must stop talking as if "trade" could automatically supplant "debts." One abstract term does not equal another in the international realm any more than "confidence" in a dead-beat is the same thing as "confidence" in an honest man. Debt is debt, and trade is trade. It is impossible to collect the face value of loans made to Europe. So be it. Scale down the debts. But let us stop talking as if the moment we do, ships will be carrying our wheat to London and Berlin. Here also we need confidence in institutions and facts. When we deal with Europe, let it be done in terms of real value, of things somebody can define.

It is said that Professor Moley, Mr. Roosevelt's chief economic adviser, hails from Missouri. If so, may the Lord preserve him! For he is a good omen.

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BABBITTRY INTO VICKERY

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

HIS PROUD and happy publishers are advertising lavishly that not only has Sinclair Lewis written a novel that ranks in merit with "Babbitt" and "Main Street," and not only was it published simultaneously in most of the countries of the world which have achieved sufficient culture to be capable of appreciating such a novel, but also that it may start the wheels of prosperity going again in the book business.

But why stop there? Surely if readers begin buying mass-production novels once more, they will have to buy food to keep them going, and houses to live in while they read, and automobiles to reach the bookstores and rental libraries. Meanwhile, the flood of advertising and reviewing will speed up the paper mills, which means freight for the railroads, which in turn will send up the price of stocks, which in turn—but here we reach dangerous ground and had better stop.

All good Babbitts anyhow can figure out the implications of the publishers' cheerful hope for themselves. And maybe they are right. An author who has stamped the mind of his age—such as it is—with such images of the life-forces of that age as are contained in the words Babbitt and Main Street may indeed be powerful enough to change the age of Babbittry into the age of Vickery. The anonymous mobs of Main Street may be transferred by its influence into brave, free, cheerful people fit to live in the brave new world of Ann Vickers's (and her author's) dream. At any rate, whether "Ann Vickers," as an example of a mass-production business enterprise, really conquers the depression, or not, it deserves attention as a singular literary phenomenon, irrespective of its literary merits.

Sinclair Lewis has accomplished one of those works of literary alchemy which the popular writers of every age are able to carry through, and by means of which they profoundly affect the times in which they appear. Such writers take hold of some really vital, powerful, and popular tradition, or literary form, which apparently has begun to lose its effectiveness, and recharge it with energy, and employ it to transmit new currents of emotions and moods which change the ideas and the customs and habits of the great masses of the people. It seems to me that this has been done supremely well by Sinclair Lewis in "Ann Vickers." I shall try to justify the impression.

Something strangely familiar, yet elusive—a feeling like that uncanny "I have been here before" sort of mood which most of us experience every now and then—haunted me while I was reading "Ann Vickers." At first, I felt that I had been carried away from the year 1933 and all its problems, in spite of the fact that the story itself is a seething witch's cauldron of contemporary life. It reads as if its author was a combination of a Hollywood scenario writer, a tabloid editor, a radio advertiser, and a liberal small town minister who had read too much of Bertrand Russell and of H. G. Wells.

Yet something in the book was more interesting than its naively crude caricatures of the harsh realities and the fantastic atmosphere of the jarring systems of art and philosophy and sociology: the Freuds and frauds, the fads and follies, the agonies and exaltations of spirit contending against the fevers and deliriums of erotic flesh, which belong to this bewildered generation. In the midst of all this tabloid-movie-radio stuff I glimpsed some happy, romantic region of fiction—a land of heart's desire as conceived by those popular novelists who once upon a time used to give the simple-minded and semi-literate public what it wanted when what that public wanted used to be a story in which a Hero and Heroine reached a Happy Ending, amid the tinkling of the Wedding Bells, because in the midst of a wicked world they had been Good, and their virtue had been properly Rewarded.

Why I should have felt like this in reading Sinclair Lewis's meretricious masterpiece puzzled me sorely to explain until I read Mr. Lewis Gannett's unique comparison of Sinclair Lewis to Dickens. "No," I thought, "Ann Vickers does not quite seem as if she belonged to Dickens: but the mention of Dickens does suggest a clue to the mystery of what she and her story reminds me of. She carries the memory of a novel reader back further than to Charles Dickens—her story belongs to an earlier and simpler and less complex epoch of the story-tellers' art—back to the atmosphere of the fairy-tale, that atmosphere which the printing press seemed at first to destroy, but which was not really destroyed, and which in spite of all the realists who scorned it found its true expression in Dickens, but which was vulgarized by the writers for the mob in the *Family Herald* and *Bow Bells,* in Victorian England, and was carried on by E. P. Roe, and Mary Jane Holmes, and half a hundred other such writers in America, flowering at last into its machine-made perfection in the *Saturday Evening Post,* and the *Woman's Home Companion,* and a score of other publications devoted to the sentimental fairy-tale of love triumphant. This is that great school of popular fiction which goes on forever, telling its one and only story—the story of the Heroine and her Fairy Prince—over and over again, simply changing its language and its incidents to suit the times, while the Stendhals and the Balzacs, the Flauberts and the Dostoievskys, and all the other novelists who write for that minority of readers who in any generation are truly concerned with attempts to make art out of the stuff of human life, come and go like feeble comets

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trying to outshine the fixed stars of Popular Romance.

In this school, the greatest successes are won by those writers who understand the dream desire of the multitude for the Happy Ending—the dream of every man to find the perfect woman, and the dream of every woman to be found by the perfect man. Sinclair Lewis really loves his darling Ann Vickers, and when sweet Ann at last finds her boy friend, Barney Dolphin, who comes riding out of Tammany Hall, where wicked sachems have tried to bewitch him, and when Barney rescues her from the villainous Russell Spaulding, who had beguiled her in her moment of weakness into the horrors of legal matrimony—then do the hundreds of thousands of readers of her romance, and the millions who will soon be enchanted by its presentation on the magic screen by Hollywood, which is bound to happen, all know, with satisfied assurance, that all this talk about Sinclair Lewis being a realist, and a satirist, was only idle chatter. Sinclair Lewis is a regular guy, like Zane Grey, or Harold Bell Wright. He knows what the people want—and he knows how to give it to them —the solid food of sentimental romance, seasoned with 'hotcha.' "

The plot of "Ann Vickers" is simply the good, sound, old-fashioned sentimental romance, told over again for the thousandth time—but now in terms suited to a time and to readers for which and for whom the moral values of a civilized culture have been turned topsyturvy. These moral values have not been banished—as a hasty or disgusted reader might think—or even changed very much, but they simply have been degraded or reversed, so that what was once considered to be good has become evil (or, at any rate, foolish), and what used to be thought evil is now held to be good.

The operative passage in "Ann Vickers," which explains the method of its author, comes only on the second last page, but when it comes it puts the whole story into focus—it is the culmination of "Ann Vickers," and also it is the beginning of a new school of literature in the United States. Ann is discussing the future with her hero—her knight, the perfect gallant knight, *sans* fear and *sans* reproach, Barney Dolphin. They are speeding through the darkness to the bower of love which she has created for him while he has been held in prison by the wicked tyrants against whom both Barney and Ann have been struggling so nobly amid heart-rending difficulties. These tyrants are the ogres and monsters who rule the world of moral darkness which hates brave Tammany judges like Barney—whose noble instincts drive them irresistibly to Lead Their Own Lives—and sweet yet strong, brave girls like Ann, who give their lives (or say one-half, oh well, one-quarter anyhow, of their lives) to reforming society.

For Ann is presented as the high princess of modern American Uplift—she is the most famous prison reformer, woman suffrage champion, and general all-round Representative Public Woman of her day. She sums up in one glamorous bundle all the perfections of the daughters of Eve, as envisioned by the novelist—seers of the coming new age of amoralistic morons which is being created in mass among a multitude of uneducated wage slaves and white-collar clerks and country club executives, and the lower fringes of the intellectual minority of this multitude, as religion dies out among them, and what used to be recognized as civilized conduct and institutions gives place to the new barbarism of the amorphous modern mind. Sinclair Lewis, in a lyric upsoaring of his most remarkable purple prose, describes her as "the Captive Woman, the Free Woman, the Great Woman, the Feminist Woman, the Passionate Woman, the Cosmopolitan Woman, the Village Woman—the Woman." In fact, to borrow a phrase from the vernacular of the mob, she is some woman, and how!

So, to return to the midnight flight of the Heroine and her Knight, Ann and Barney know that even the bower of love amid its roses, in Scarsdale, to which they are speeding, away from Ann's stupid husband (whom she married in order to give her baby a legal father—Barney, of course, being really the daddy), and away from Barney's still more stupid wife and (legal) daughters, who ludicrously believed that a man who took the vows of marriage might possibly be expected to make a slight effort to respect his own word —they know, I say (these clear-thinking, radiant spirits of the Higher Life of which Ann and Barney are the pioneers), that the bower of love (the tabloids would call it "the Love Nest") can only be an interlude.

From it they must eventually go forth to face that world from which they are momentarily escaping—that sordid world which quaintly (but, oh, so cruelly!) still frowns upon a brave girl from the Middle West who helps other girls to get rid of their little troubles and disgustingly calls that act of charity abortion or infanticide, and who gets rid of her own little trouble the same way (because she didn't really approve of its father). Why, that stupid world even frowned upon men like gallant Barney, whose awful wife would not divorce him, and did not sympathize with and applaud him for his irresistible charm for other women—many, many women, till Ann, the Perfect Woman, came along. Yes, that terrible world inevitably would have to be faced.

But they face it in the true spirit of the heroines and heroes of sentimental romance. Barney said he would "get busy and make a million dollars in real estate." This naturally delighted Ann—"it delighted her that already, in two hours, the pleading, beaten man had again turned into the ambitious and boasting boy that all sound males are at heart." But Barney still fretted. He knew that brave Ann "was not afraid of a scandal," but he thought "it might be easier on her if she resigned from her prison"—the prison being Ann's job as superintendent of an institution for the amoral re-

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generation of the victims of society, which this wonder woman had made famous as a sort of prophecy of the brave new world of her dreams, in which the free, feminist uplift would take the place of prisons and punishments. But, of course, brave Ann had no thought of resigning. "I'm not conscious of doing anything for which I should resign," she reasons, for "it's so *right*, to be with you." (In the land of Vickery what you yourself wish to be Right, or Good, must be so.) Barney still was a little bit disturbed—for even the best of men cannot always view the world-as-it-ought-to-be with the clear vision of amoral novelists and their women reformers. Barney asks: "What about the future effect of the scandal on Mat?" (Mat is the love child.) But Ann quickly settles that problem—and here comes the decisive passage of the novel, of which I spoke above, as Ann becomes the Prophetess. "Listen!" she says—she does not add, "big boy!" but it reads as if she should—"Listen! This is a new age. By the time Mat is sixteen he'll have to look in a dictionary to find out what the word 'scandal' means. No! My motto comes from that good old pirate, the Duke of Wellington: 'Publish and be damned!'"

So that was that. And so they escaped, by the magic of a perfect love, as Ann puts it perfectly, "both out of prison now. . . . We're out of prison!"

And that was that. We are not told whether the world bothered them any more while they waited for Mat to grow up to the age of sixteen in order to hunt in the dictionary for terrible, naughty words like "scandal"—and probably "honor," and "truth," and "right," and "wrong," and similar outmoded words of a dark age happily gone forever. Ann no doubt would do her best to keep his free young soul from being contaminated by such banalities until he was at least sixteen.

Thus the novel closes, as all novels of the really romantic, sentimental, happy-ending school of fiction for the masses always close—on a note of thrilling happiness, of peace achieved, hero and heroine united at last. Only, of course, in Ann's case, "no wedding bells for her." In the new novels for the mass of semi-sophisticated readers of the new age of moronic amoralism, wedding rings are as shocking as their absence used to be in the same sort of novel of only yesterday.

Sinclair Lewis may have had the Duke of Wellington's remark in mind as applicable to his own case. His attitude of mind may well be: "I'll write 'Ann Vickers,' and the public be damned—and the public's mentors and teachers and preachers be damned." But, if so, his courage in daring to challenge what he probably considers the prevailing *mores* is wasted. The spiritual poisons brewed in the alembics of perverted human pride by a few lonely philosophical rebels against civilization and order have been adulterated and weakened and vulgarized by a secondary class of writers—the Wells and the Shaws and the Bertrand Russells—and, filtered down again, have been spread throughout the masses of the weak-willed and the vulgarized by those popularizers of myths of whom Sinclair Lewis is the most conspicuous and successful American example. A great mass of readers has been cajoled and seduced away from the still larger multitude of tabloid and cheap movie addicts to enroll themselves among those whom they consider to be "advanced," and "liberal," and "sophisticated." This has been accomplished mainly by the cult of newspaper "critics" and literary gossip mongers, who strenuously act as barkers for the publishers and book clubs and lecture agencies constituting the literary rackets of this age of many gangs.

This new public far exceeds the dwindling numbers of the defeated minority of outmoded men and women of good taste, the surviving scattered remnants of a civilization which has been challenged by one more of the many invasions of barbarism which history records. However, it is well to remember that civilization always, in due time, recovers its lost ground. When it does, the literary historian will marvel that in any age such a weak, wild, cheap, raw, crude lump of inane and crapulous balderdash could have been ballyhooed into popular favor. But that such a mess could have been seriously hailed as authentic literature, by any critic, anywhere, is a fact that not the historian but the psychiatrist of the future will have to explain.

The Song Superlative

Through pride of meekness,
The lips are kissed,
When strength is weakness
In the strategist.

Joy bred of pain
Pays willing toll;
The dark of bane
Relights the soul.

They win by loss
To heaven's gate,
Who bear grief's cross
With heart elate.

Love's battle turns,
In dire defeat,
Where coldness burns,
And gall is sweet.

To right a wrong,
And, dying, live,
This is the Song
Superlative

Of Him, Whose hands
Nailed to the Tree,
From death's strong bands
Set all men free.

J. Corson Miller.

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KANSAS VIEWS REPEAL

By ERNEST A. DEWEY

NOW THAT modification of the prohibitory liquor laws appears certain and repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment no longer is considered improbable, editorial and political writers are speculating on what Kansas thinks about it.

The Kansas attitude, although somewhat confusing, does not altogether defy analysis. There is no indication that Kansas is suffering from shock or that she wishes to gather up her petticoats and excuse herself from the company of her "gin-soaked sisters" as was recently suggested by a writer for the Chicago *Tribune*.

Unfortunately, it has been the emotionalized segment of Kansas that was made most familiar to outsiders. This segment, being emotion-drunk 90 percent of the time, is picturesque, sensational and nearly always amusing. But it is not Kansas. It is no more representative of the Kansas intellect than a parade of dancing Doukhobors, led by William Allen White. It is the attitude of the unpublicized majority of the Kansas citizenship which is important. This is the group which throws no "cat-fits" when drinking is mentioned, which is not addicted to hysteria and which views the question soberly, sensibly and, perhaps, selfishly.

The contrast between the two divisions was never better exemplified than in the recent incident which developed as a result of a radio statement by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. In December, the first-lady-to-be delivered an address during which she remarked:

> The average girl of today faces the problem of learning very young how much she can drink of such things as whisky and gin and sticking to the proper quantity. One of the things that we hoped for in prohibition was the protection of the weak, and I regret to say that I feel that conditions brought about by prohibition require more strength of character than any conditions that I remember in my youth.

Previously Mrs. Roosevelt had remarked upon the fact that, in her own youth, no girl was branded as a prig or unsocial if she refused to drink intoxicants.

This statement was promptly given the lie, in language more than mildly offensive, by a group of Topeka, Kansas, women who wired the wife of the President-elect that it appeared impossible for them to "respect and honor the first lady of the land" because of such statements. Their message barely avoided a bald accusation that Mrs. Roosevelt was advocating drunkenness and frankly did imply that the Topeka women thought Mrs. Roosevelt wasn't as much a lady as she should be.

Whether Mrs. Roosevelt was shocked or amused by the telegram I do not know. It may be that she regarded it merely as a cheap attempt by the Kansas women to publicize themselves by attempting to deny a condition which is regrettably as true of their own state as anywhere else. If so, she was in error. The good ladies may be convicted of bad taste but not of insincerity. Mrs. Roosevelt may have no acquaintance with circles devoted to indignation as a calling. Thus she may not know that one of the peculiarities of this type of mind is that it can see no difference between pointing out an objectionable condition and advocating it. The Kansas women were really not conscious of committing the unpardonable and despicable trick of twisting the statement to mean something its maker had not meant at all. They probably felt that Mrs. Roosevelt desired the adding of alcohol to the feeding formula of infants in America and wished to add the ability to contain a quart of gin to the qualifications for membership in the Girl Scouts. Their followers likewise subscribed to this eccentric notion, and applauded the wording of the telegram, hoping audibly that Mrs. Roosevelt had learned a lesson from this rebuke. So it was that while most of Kansas grew red behind the ears at the laughter of New York and Arkansas, its more fanatic sections went into ecstasies of triumph.

At Emporia, the Kansas town which has William Allen White as its editor-mentor, the Sunday school of a church drew up and voted unanimously to forward to Mrs. Roosevelt a formal resolution asking her "not to serve alcoholic drinks in the White House" after her husband becomes President and "so long as the Eighteenth Amendment is a part of the Constitution."

This additional insult intensified the reaction to the first incident. Condemnation, ridicule and wrathy criticism were provoked from the hitherto inarticulate "average" Kansan. No criticism from outside the state was half so sharp as came from Kansas's own press which sought to administer to the emotionalists a profound, emphatic and deserved spanking.

Typical of editorials from many other papers circulating largely in Kansas is the following from the Kansas City *Journal-Post*:

> The resolution sent Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt by an Emporia Sunday school is absurd. Worse still, it is an insult.
>
> The President of the United States takes an oath to uphold the Constitution. To assume that it would be necessary to ask him or his wife not to violate the Eighteenth Amendment is to assume that he is a potential perjurer.
>
> What makes this incident still more ridiculous is the fact that the Roosevelts did not serve liquor in their home before the Eighteenth Amendment was adopted.
>
> Perhaps this type of bad manners is natural to some Kansans because they are so accustomed to office-holding

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hypocrites who have been known to exhale whisky fumes and prohibition arguments with the same breath.

The thing that provoked the Sunday school letter was Mrs. Roosevelt's recent assertion that what to do about social drinking was one of the problems faced by American girls today. That made some of the drys indignant. Instead of deploring the fact, they became angry at Mrs. Roosevelt for stating it. She did not advocate drinking at social gatherings. She merely said that it existed.

Mrs. Roosevelt is not going to serve liquor in the White House after March 4, though a lot of members of Kansas Sunday schools will serve it in their homes, as they are now doing.

Marion Ellet, writing in the Concordia (Kansas) *Blade-Empire,* declared:

> It seems rather a pity that this protest from Topeka should pass as the unanimous or even the majority sentiment of Kansas women. Except for the statement from this small reform group, I have heard, in four days, only one objection to Mrs. Roosevelt's talk. The objection came from the mother of a family of girls. She was sorry that Mrs. Roosevelt had not stated just how young the average girl is when she is obliged to learn her capacity. The mother remarked a little bitterly that the liquor education was apt to begin in the grade school days.

Paul Jones, of Lyons, one of Kansas's most widely quoted editors and least emotional thinkers, expressed himself editorially on "Girls and Liquor":

> The ladies of the W. C. T. U. of Kansas have taken the fair hide off the next first lady of the land for insinuating that American girls drink liquor, so the following bits of testimony must be lies.
>
> Burt Brown of Topeka says: "There are many boys and girls of tender age in Kansas who are in the habit of getting drunk frequently. In 90 percent of these cases it is a safe bet that their parents know nothing about it. No later than last election night, the writer saw two girls, both daughters of prominent parents, parading up and down Kansas Avenue in Topeka. These girls were so drunk that each one had the support of two boys, who happened to be less drunk than the girls, to keep them on their feet. The mothers of these girls would be far better engaged if they were keeping an eagle eye on their wild daughters instead of criticizing Mrs. Roosevelt. If these good women of Kansas doubt these statements about the drink excesses of Kansas youth, let them disguise themselves as flappers, and attend a few public dances or other gay parties. After these good women have been invited a few times by sheiks and gay Lotharios to come out behind the dance hall or under a tree and have a drink, they will learn something and get the shock of their lives."
>
> A professional man in Hutchinson, home town of the state president of the W. C. T. U., recently said he overheard two young girls from two of the best families in his town say that they did not especially care for a certain boy but he always had a flask of good liquor along and they dated him for that reason.
>
> Not many years ago three Lyons high school girls were so much under the influence of liquor—in the forenoon, too—that they had to be sent home from school.
>
> In a small western Kansas town so many empty liquor and alcohol bottles were found around the school gymnasium that the school board had to meet in a special session and take some action to stop drinking by children of the school.
>
> Shame on you Mrs. Roosevelt.

Even the clergy was represented in the general expression of disapproval. Dr. Edwin W. Merrill, rector of St. Mary's Episcopal Church in Kansas City, pronounced the action of the Topeka women "most discourteous, most unjust and most unwise." He pointed out that

> no matter what is the remedy for existing conditions, it cannot be attained by denying the facts, nor by abusing persons who are expressing their sincere views on the matter.

Dr. Merrill declared that the Kansas women

> not only have shocked the women of America in the language of their protest but they have given the lie to Mrs. Roosevelt while all of us who continually have to meet the problems of all sorts of youth know that she speaks the truth.

A more humorous portion of the discussion is expressed in the following comment. Unfortunately I have forgotten from which Kansas paper it was clipped.

> The old ladies of the Kansas W. C. T. U. have severely lambasted Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt for describing the temptations modern girls are facing in America but they have overlooked articles and pictures in the Kansas papers about a Bacchanalian dance to be put on by one of the state schools, using a bevy of pretty, half-clad Kansas girls. The dear old souls probably do not know what Bacchanalian means and stands for. They think it has something to do with a baccalaureate sermon.

At about this time, Mrs. Robert Brucer, president of the Cook County (Illinois) W. C. T. U., was placed under a $500 peace bond because of a disorderly conduct warrant sworn out by Mrs. Arthur Lynch, one of her membership, who alleged that the W. C. T. U. president had "gone on drunken parties" with Mr. Lynch. The Puckian spirits of the Kansas press did not fail to make the most of the situation, to the considerable discomfort of Mrs. Roosevelt's critics and the entire membership of their organization.

Neither the Topeka women nor the Emporia Sunday school have forwarded any apologies to the next first lady. But they are acutely conscious that changes have taken place in Kansas and they are, perhaps, a little bewildered by them. A few years ago invitations would have been sent out for a reception in their

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honor staged by their admirers. Today they are laughed at in the street. Other states, having faults equally ridiculous, for a long time have jeered at the emotionally intoxicated of Kansas. But Kansans, being compelled to live with them, have manfully repressed their own yearnings to do likewise. In this the Kansan was aided and abetted by his own native courtesy and charitable nature. Even now, the Kansan is half-apologetic in his pride at having learned to sneer at the reformer. But his expression is indubitably and finally, a sneer.

Prohibition is no longer a sacred cow in Kansas. One may speak slightingly of the "noble experiment," even publicly, and escape ostracism. The Wichita *Beacon,* the largest and driest newspaper in Kansas, conducted a straw vote on the question "Shall the Eighteenth Amendment be repealed?" and, to the discomfiture of its proprietors, the final tally was approximately nine to five for repeal. The apologia and explanation that "the drys neglected to vote in the Beacon straw ballot" was palpably unconvincing, even in Kansas.

Myra McHenry, prohibition zealot for years beyond memory, former lieutenant of the notable Carry A. Nation, and who inherited from Carry not only her zeal but the famous hatchet itself, was recently quoted in a press despatch from her home in Wichita as in favor of repeal and a return to state control of the liquor question. She gave as her reason, "We can do more with the crooks at home than with the ones in Washington who won't enforce the law."

In the recent political campaign two Republicans and one Democrat ran for state and national office on platforms avowedly wet.

Thomas Hayes, a newly-elected representative from Hays, Kansas, to the Kansas State Legislature has announced that he will introduce in the next session a bill to repeal the Kansas dry law which has stood unchallenged on the statutes since its passage in 1882. The bill is not expected to pass but the legislator's announcement in itself marks an epoch in the history of Kansas. His statement has provoked no welter of denunciation and protest when, even a scant five years ago, it would have brought forth the odor of smoking brimstone from a thousand Kansas rostrums and pulpits. Talk of lynching him would not have been considered entirely out of order at that time.

Despite this apparent reversal of attitude there is no ostentatious enthusiasm for repeal in Kansas. The general attitude seems to be one of indifference. The editorial comment of the Lyons (Kansas) *News,* under the heading, "How Kansas Loses," may, or may not, afford a clue to the reasons for this indifference. I quote it herewith for what the reader may consider it worth:

> It makes no difference if you are a wet Kansan or a dry Kansan, the fact remains that this state is going to get the worst of it, economically, through the overthrow of prohibition. National prohibition has brought money to Kansas but not in the way in which its advocates predicted. Kansas, in which only two stills were found by revenue officers in the thirty years preceding national prohibition, is producing a vast amount of contraband whisky of quality that appeals to the palates of dipsomaniacs from the Gulf of Mexico to Hudson Bay. Hundreds of Kansans, especially in southwest Kansas, have made fortunes through the manufacture and sale of whisky in the past few years. Better than half the whisky sold in Kansas City is made in Kansas. It is known as Carona or "deep shaft." It is said that every night from the mining district of southeast Kansas scores of trucks, heavily laden with whisky, thunder away through the darkness. When prohibition is repealed, Kansans by the thousands will wander across the border to Kansas City and other Missouri cities and towns where they will spend millions of dollars. The flow of money will be reversed. Already the most profitable business in Kansas is hurt. "Deep shaft" is selling at the plants for $1.75 a gallon where previously it sold for $6.00. Nobody appreciated and coöperated with the "good" people of Kansas in their battle to maintain national prohibition like the moonshiners and bootleggers of the state. There were a number of reasons and all of them were dollars.

In any case it is a mistake for Easterners, or any others, to judge Kansas by its frenzies which attract themselves to print. They are a natural phenomena to the Sunflower State and are no more representative of its intellectual status in the mass than any other freaks are representative of a species. While the East persists in believing that these outbursts typify Kansas and insists on taking our frenzies seriously, the truth is that the emotionalisms of our flag-waving William Allen Whites and our excitable W. C. T. U. ladies are a perpetual joy to our collective sense of humor. To paraphrase the favorite expression of a Kansas editor-friend: "They are the brightest pots of petunias in the garden plot that is Kansas, and we wouldn't trade them for a steam calliope operated by trained monkeys!"

Cercando Libertà

Are you a-many, Freedom?
For star, for atom, for man?
The Slave is Legion; I am One.
One—is the Plan.

How shall I know you, Freedom,
Beneath the mask's disguise?
You'll know me by my folded wings:
Freedom never flies.

How shall we plight us, Freedom,
That happy day we meet?
We'll drink our pledge in the Loving Cup,
The Cup of Defeat.

Dare I trust you, Freedom?
Hearten me with a sign.
Dare you make a cross on your heart,
For your sign, and mine?

FLORENCE CONVERSE.

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CATHOLIC MISSIONS IN CHINA

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Few American writers about the Far East have a wider experience and knowledge than has Mr. Sokolsky, and we venture to say that no other has managed to give his readers so concrete an impression of what is happening. It is therefore with genuine pleasure that we publish the views expressed in the following paper. Mr. Sokolsky feels that the Church will profit greatly by the concessions made to Chinese nationalism—concessions which will exact great heroism from missionaries and religious, but which will have a fruitful aftermath. Other important aspects of the situation are discussed.—The Editors.

DURING the four centuries of its activities in China, the Catholic Church has differed from other Christian missions in its emphasis upon saving souls by its creed rather than by social revolution which is the specific characteristic of Protestant missionary effort.

There are many differences of opinion as to the value of missionary effort which seeks ultimate conversion to a specific creed. Many Protestants and more non-Christians feel that the greatest utility of the missionary is his mere presence in a non-Christian environment, that his personal example rather than his religion influences the personnel that surrounds him, that if he scatters the leaven of Christian ideas among those who do not believe, he will in time alter their behavior. The Catholic missionary in China has never regarded such activity as an adequate vocation: he has sought to make China Christian, to win adherents to the Catholic Church, to influence life in China to bring it into accordance with Catholic morals.

At various periods, difference of opinion existed among Catholics as to the character of their work and its relationship to the world Church. As early as the seventeenth century, the idea of an indigenous hierachy gained some foothold. Lo Wen-tsao, a native of Fukien Province who was probably born in 1611, was consecrated bishop under the name of Gregory Lopez. He was a Dominican. Had Bishop Lo been followed by a succession of Chinese bishops during the past three centuries, the history of Christianity in China might have been altogether different, but for more than three centuries after his death, China was altogether without a Chinese bishop; in fact, there were only occasional Chinese priests. The Catholic Church, therefore, came to be regarded wholly as an alien religious institution.

This was complicated by the agreement under which all Catholic institutions and clergy in China came under the protection of the French government. The Chinese then looked upon the Church as an arm of French policy and French interest. The right of Catholic clergy to political rank in China, the protection they afforded converts, their interference between Chinese officials and the Chinese people, ignorance among the masses as to the purposes of monastic life and finally rumors of ritual murder associated with the Catholic work for orphans, led to opposition, persecutions and massacres.

Nevertheless, during these three centuries, the Church spread its institutions throughout China, to distant Mongolia and the foothills of Tibet. Entire villages were converted to Catholicism; schools and colleges were opened and research institutions founded which have been of extraordinary value in the preservation of Chinese culture for the world. No cultural survey of China would be complete without placing high in the ranks of leadership the Jesuits, Ricci, Schall and Verbiest, and without acknowledging the services to China of Siccawei, not primarily as a religious center, but as the first and still the foremost scientific institution in the country.

Catholic work for the care of orphans has undoubtedly led to criticism among both Protestants and non-Christians, for there has been the feeling that these children are baptized without their consent. Yet, the fact remains that unless the Catholics care for orphans, no one looks after them, except when their families can afford to do so. The handicraft, wood-carving, glass-blowing, lace and embroidery work, making of brass and bronze ware, etc., taught in these orphan asylums has preserved many Chinese arts which otherwise might have been lost, and has brought to the country new arts which have now become indigenous and have enriched the life of the people. No one can visit the orphanages at Siccawei without coming away with respect for a great work well done.

Since 1924, Catholic efforts have been directed toward strengthening the native Church. Many factors entered into this decision, but there can be little question that the principal factor was the rise of nationalism in China which grew increasingly less tolerant to alien institutions. The withdrawal of the French protectorate over Catholic institutions in China was particularly advantageous to the Church, for it immediately eliminated a political element in the Church's status in that country. The substitution of Irish and American priests in areas which had been for centuries under the control of European priests was also beneficial to the Church, because the American and Irish priests and Sisters serve the native population as though they were themselves natives.

The holding of the First Plenary Council of the Catholic Church in China during May and June, 1924, and the appointment of a number of Chinese bishops profoundly impressed all Chinese, even non-Christians. To them it was an acknowledgement by the Catholic Church of the equality of China among the family of

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nations. To them, it was a recognition by the Church of the fruits of the Nationalist Revolution.

The decision of the First Plenary Council that the Church should gradually cease to be a missionary Church, and that it should, as soon as possible, be administered by the sons and daughters of the country, "self-propagating, self-supporting, and proceeding in some sense from the very vitals of the Chinese people," altered the relations between the Chinese people and the Church. The Church became freed from the stigma of foreignism.

Now, it is not so well known as it should be that the Chinese are remarkably free from religious prejudice. I might say that they are free from a resistance to religious ideas. A Chinese will take on several religions, not only during a lifetime, but simultaneously. Except where Communist influence dominates, there is no anti-religionism. Opposition to Christianity in any of its phases is political—it is opposition to foreign institutions, to foreign control, to indirect foreign political manipulations in China.

As soon as the Catholic Church ceased to represent a foreign element in the country, it took on a new strength in China. Catholicism, however, faces in China many almost insuperable tasks, for opposed to the rigidity of its moral creed are conditions and circumstances not easily altered. For instance, the emancipation of woman has become an outstanding feature of modern China; yet Catholics have expressed opposition to it. The family system, polygamy, reverence for ancestors according to Chinese custom and ritual, the inclination of the Chinese to the extreme left in economic theories, the search of the youth of the country for new ideas—these are in greater or less degree opposed to the Catholic creed and to the decisions of the First Plenary Council.

Protestant groups, particularly Modernist groups, face no problems in this connection. They devote themselves principally to health work, education and character-building, and they leave to time and personal inclination the task of conversion. The Catholic Church cannot do that, for its primary task is personal salvation.

It is this task which places upon a Chinese Church its greatest burden. Rigidity of dogma is foreign to Chinese character. If one analyzes Buddhism or Taoism in China, or even Islam, one reaches the conclusion that if given enough time, the Chinese will make a hodge-podge of any religion. Only in China, of all countries, have the Jews been absorbed and lost in the population. The Nestorian Christians have become part of China, and nothing remains of them or their influence but a monument in Shensi.

Will the Catholic Church, under Chinese leadership, be able to resist the absorptive qualities of the Chinese? Will the Chinese clergy succeed in so altering national traits as to be able to enforce the rigid Catholic moral code? Will the Church be able to resist, under Chinese leadership, tendencies to compromise with non-Christian behavior current in the country?

These questions are asked by students of religious tendencies in China, but the general consensus of opinion is that no matter how heart-breaking the struggle for an indigenous Catholic Church in China may be, only an indigeneous Church can succeed in maintaining itself in that country; that had the Catholic Church remained a foreign institution, its usefulness to China would have decreased progressively as Chinese nationalism increased. The fact that now when Catholic priests face martyrdom in China, they do not appeal to their governments for protection, means more for the future of the Church in China than all the protection which France gave the Church for a century. It makes the Church Chinese, for its priests and religious can die among the Chinese people—they are not benefited by being foreigners.

BOYS ON THE LOOSE

By JOSEPH F. HEALY

AN ARMY of youth is hitch-hiking, freight-riding and "just roaming" these United States. In a rough calculation, Nils Anderson, instructor in sociology at Columbia University, estimated that these boys approximate in number those in their teens who served in the A.E.F. Their outlook on life is one of despondency, drifting from town to town, with little or no hope for a rightful place in society.

According to statistics of the United States Children's Bureau, compiled during the spring of 1932, there were 200,000 transients under twenty-one; and the marching army has gained many recruits in the past year. An unofficial census estimates the total at 1,000,000.

Alfred E. Smith said in a radio broadcast:

> As long as human nature is the same, I suppose children, and especially boys, will be leaving home, taking to the road, trying to travel on somewhere, to a place where they think the opportunities will be better and the outlook brighter than that which they find in their own homes, or in their home town.

In our American life we have always put a premium on the boy breaking away and making a success. We have perhaps overemphasized this, forgetting that the advice of Horace Greeley, "Go West, young man, go West," still has an appeal to the adventurous youth. It naturally would have a greater appeal to the boy who is unable to find employment in his own home town, especially if the head of the household is also unemployed.

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It is reasonable to estimate that two-thirds of the young nomads are seeking a better economic status. There are three times the number of wanderers there were before the depression. Some leave home for other reasons. Owen Lovejoy, of the Childrens Aid Society, assigns as one reason a monotonous school curriculum. Unhappy homes are another factor. Tens of thousands of the boys have the commendable feeling, in this time of want, that by taking to the road, they will relieve the family burden by one less mouth to feed.

There is no unified plan among municipalities for handling the wandering boy. Some communities provide food and lodging over night, but the stranger is asked to "move on" the next morning. Other communities have no relief for the non-resident; this is especially true in the rural sections.

On February 13, 1933, the Senate passed the Couzens Bill, an amendment to the War Department Appropriation Bill, appropriating $20,000,000 for the care of 88,000 unemployed youths from fifteen to twenty-one years of age idle at least six months. They are to be quartered in the Citizens Military Training Camps for periods not to exceed one year. The boys accepted will be subject to military discipline.

At present the vagrant boy is sometimes met by a reception committee at the freight train and escorted to the local relief station where he is put up over night. This is a form of civic welcome in disguise, for the local Grover Whalen tells him to keep moving the next day. In some places the old practice of arresting the homeless still prevails. Sentence is suspended after exacting a promise from the "prisoner" that he will leave town.

In many of the Southern towns the boys are exploited by local politicians. They are arrested and put to work on farms and other private holdings; someone collects the hire for their labor. One social worker pointed out that a practice which will permit the unscrupulous to capitalize on homeless youth will have a bad moral effect on the victims. It does not take them long to realize that vagrancy was not the real charge, but that they are being used as pawns to petty graft. Their spirits broken, their desire to become useful citizens is submerged.

Roaming the countryside without care, the boy is apt to develop a vagrant's attitude toward work. It is found that the majority of the youngsters keep to themselves in their travels, seldom taking up with the confirmed tramp. They eventually find themselves cut off from our established social order, wandering aimlessly without social or religious guidance.

Newton D. Baker, Chairman of the Committee of Welfare and Mobilization, has suggested that every community include in its program some definite planning for boys who want jobs and cannot find them. This plan would include those who wander into town bent on the quest for work.

In too few communities is an effort made to reclaim the boy. Study of the individual case by a city or private agency welfare worker is almost impossible. The larger agencies, privately operated, make an attempt to return the boy to his home. The Traveler's Aid Society has learned from experience that there is no point to be gained in sending the boy home if he does not intend to stay.

Furthermore, absence from some states for a specified time causes the citizen to lose his state status, regardless of his age. Some states designate an absence of one year. If he should return, no relief will be given by the state. Consequently social workers endeavoring to return wanderers to their homes have often found it difficult to have them accepted in the states that they have always claimed as home. Those who are returned to homes not cared for by the state relief agencies are more fortunate.

Hence a portion of the marching army are boys without a state. They are truly homeless wanderers. Their opportunity for employment at this time is not encouraging. They are rarely invited to take up their abode in a new community, but more often told of the advisability of moving on. Home life is a thing of the past. The "jungle" alongside the railroad tracks has a new appeal for them.

To what extent the marching army of boys has caused an increase in juvenile delinquency and other crimes has not been determined. In Chicago courts, Bruce Brooks, head of the Law Department of Northwestern University, found that first offenders were younger than at any time previous. Professor Brooks made his survey the first half of 1932. I do not know what the proportionate number of local and non-resident youth were in this finding.

Boys cut loose from home ties are apt to fall afoul of the law. Where food is not provided, the pangs of hunger are too much to endure. Necessities, such as warm clothing, and also luxuries hold out a great temptation for a youth whose prospects have been dimmed by adversity.

For youths who are showing discouragement due to home town surroundings, the Children's Bureau has suggested diversifying and enlarging school curricula; extending class hours; making trade courses available whenever possible, since these make a great appeal to boys; making available for community groups all the school equipment for recreation and vocational training activities; and opening gymnasiums, athletic parks and fields.

A great deal of good can be accomplished by supervised clubs for boys. The Welfare Council of New York City during 1932 made the first extensive and thorough survey of the effect that club life has on the modern boy. Brooklyn was chosen for this experiment. It was proved ("A Survey of Work for Boys in Brooklyn," on file at public and social service libraries), that the organization under the supervision of a responsible agency, which in turn has to account to the community, accomplished most toward the moral and healthful development of the youth. The unsupervised clubs

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are those only responsible to their members. Some of these are merely boys' gangs.

Father Kilian J. Hennrich, O.M.Cap., director general of the Catholic Boys Brigade, said to the writer:

> Youth has entered a state that makes him feel things are necessary in life that we did not consider necessary in life twenty years ago. I refer to cigarette smoking, moving pictures and other forms of entertainment that do not help them in a spiritual sense. As far as criminality among boys is concerned, it is no worse than it ever was.
>
> Our idea is to capture the leisure time of the boy, give him instruction, including religion, and keep him away from evil associates. We offer education by suggestion, example and christian leadership. In boys' work you cannot prevent your charges from one enjoyment if you don't give them a substitute.

The Catholic Boys Brigade has a membership of approximately 30,000 throughout the United States. It could be thirty times as great.

When President Franklin D. Roosevelt was presented with the Star Pro Juventute medal of the Brigade in July, 1932, he revealed that only three out of six thousand members of the organization in the state of New York fell afoul of the law in ten years. A splendid record of youth to public service.

THE BRIDAL

By H. REID

THE MORNING was still grey an hour ago as I faced the steep road to the convent. Down in the valley the city was veiled in a thin mist. Across the flat a lingering trail of white smoke showed where the early train had passed on its way to Rome. The chill of autumn was in the air.

But now, as I reach the gate, the sun tops the eastern hill and sets all the convent windows twinkling as if festal candles had been lit in every pane.

As I push open the chapel door I see, first, Elena's white silk train and veil lying across the red carpet, then Elena herself kneeling before the altar. I cannot see her face, only the wreath of orange blossoms that confines her veil, and the posy at her waist. She looks very slim and young, very girlish, in the rich simplicity of her bridal dress.

Beside her kneels her mother, the beautiful Marchesa. A day or two ago I saw a recent portrait of her, magnificent, with jewels and coronet. Now, in her plain dark dress, kneeling beside her daughter, she is simply a brave mother, sad and glad in her mother's act of sacrifice.

The Marchese comes in with another daughter, and the rest of the family follow, the tall handsome brothers, the slim young sisters, the little seven-year-old twins, Paolo and Domenico. *Contadini* from the *poderi* round about, who have been waiting outside, come in and stand about the door. The bride herself remains intensely still, her eyes bent upon her book, while above her among the altar lights gleams the silver image of the Divine Lover she has come to espouse. He is there, in the tabernacle, waiting.

Everybody is very still. The little chapel is full of the silence of prayer.

The bell sounds and the bishop and assistant clergy enter. The eager little friar who seems to be acting as *magister ceremoniarum* has some anxious moments in accommodating all in the small space within the rails, for the bishop is a man of stately and commanding presence who in his rich vestments would seem to need all the room there is; and the others are not slim. The little friar slips to and fro among the embroideries and laces with a kind of elfin quickness, and soon all is in order.

Quietly and solemnly the Mass proceeds. The busy little friar drops on his knees, lightly, on the very edge of the altar steps, like a little brown bird perching for an instant on a twig, while his bright brown eyes glance round to see that all is as it should be. Only for a minute however. A new idea occurs to him—a decorative idea of course, for is he not Italian? He flits across to the twins and smilingly takes an arm of each, leads them to the altar and places them one at each corner like the *putti* at the foot of a sacred picture. There they remain, in awed solemnity, their hands joined in prayer, though their hair is rumpled by priestly vestments, and during the Lavabo Domenico is completely lost to sight amid linen and lace. They add an effective touch to the picture and the little friar is pleased and smiles.

When the Mass is over he begins to be busy again, for now it is time for the sermon. Vigilantly he stands by while the eucharistic vestments are removed and the golden cope placed on the bishop's shoulders. Eagerly he fetches the faldstool and sees it placed on the altar. Then he disappears and by and by I catch sight of him kneeling in a hidden corner, motionless as a figure in a painting.

The bishop, seated, is silent for a moment, looking down at the girl kneeling at his feet. Then tenderly and gravely he addresses her in Latin: *"Filia carissima*—Most dear daughter, what do you desire?" And Elena's clear voice replies, asking him for the love of God and His holy servants to admit her to this order, for the practice of penitence, for amendment of life and to serve God faithfully till death.

Deo gratias. But first there are grave words of warning. Has she thought well what it means? Does she fully realize what she is giving up? Her happy family life, the luxury of a beautiful home, a name illustrious through the centuries, social influence, honors, wealth, all that the world has to offer—she has already had the experience of her novitiate, is she indeed resolved to turn her back upon all that forever?

Pictures rise before my mind. Elena on horseback riding with her father. Elena at the seaside diving off a rock. Elena driving her brother's car. Elena foxtrotting in a pink frock. Elena handing tea and *biscotti* to her mother's visitors. Elena playing billiards with her brother on a wet Sunday.

And all the time her heart was cloistered.

But I must attend to the sermon. The bishop is dwelling on the privilege of the hidden life, the joy of sacrifice, the incalculable power of prayer. He quotes an English writer who says that the cloister is the power-house which lends its dynamic force to all the Christian activity of the world.

So the bishop knows English, and has read Father Hugh Benson! I look at him with new interest.

He speaks of the *ritmo* of convent life, its regular alternation of work and prayer. My mind wanders away to my first visit to this convent. I remember how nervous I was when an eye scanned me through a grating in the vestibule and a voice invited me to pass into the second parlor. But when I got there I saw the Reverend Mother opening the shutters that enclose the grille and at once I felt at ease. Impossible to be shy with the Reverend Mother. Her voice, sweet and clear, with a note of exultant gaiety in it, reminded me, and reminds me

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still, of a lark's song. She is "an embodied joy." Most nuns are serene; this one sparkles. She seems to have within her some secret delight which is always on the point of bursting into laughter or song. I am glad that Elena, even in the "practice of penitence," will be encouraged to laugh.

Which brings me back with a start to the bishop. He is saying something about humility, the quiet work of the needle and the thoughts that should accompany it. My thought is of Elena sitting embroidering for other girls the exquisite lingerie that might have been her own. I do not suppose the bishop has thought of that as one of the sacrifices involved. I doubt if he has even noticed the lace and embroidery on the vestments he is wearing, all done by these fairy-fingered nuns. I feel a little grudge against him, and lose the thread of his discourse while I trace the threads of his lace.

But my grudge melts away when I hear the sympathy in his voice as he speaks to the parents of what it costs them to lay this fair flower on the altar of sacrifice, and concludes by praying for them all, as well as for the young soul in its virgin sweetness taking this immeasurable step in the Way of the Holy Cross.

There is a pause and the busy little friar becomes visible again. He is by the table where the *corredo* is lying, neatly folded, ready to be blessed, and the bishop is following him like a big liner towed by a tiny tug. The *corredo* duly blessed, he carries it on its tray to the revolving shelf at the side where it is received by someone within.

Now for the first time we hear the voices of the enclosed nuns in the choir, alternating with the deep bass of the clergy in the "Veni Creator." The rest of us, if we sing, sing silently, for the parting is very near and our voices are not in command. Elena rises and goes to the altar, where, with the prayers that accompany every step of her way, the lighted candle is given to her. "May the lamp in thy hands be burning so that when the Bridegroom comes thou mayest go out to meet Him and go in with Him to the marriage."

Here I have a moment of alarm, for the little friar comes swiftly, his bright brown eye fixed on me. What have I to do? Only to move my chair. It appears that just behind me there is one of those concealed doors, so common in Italian houses, paneled like the wall, and by this door she is to leave. Quickly a passage is cleared, and Elena, candle in hand, her long train sweeping behind her, comes down from the altar, followed by the bishop and clergy in procession, singing alternately with the nuns.

"*Veni sponsa Christi*—Come, thou bride of Christ, receive the crown which the Lord has prepared for thee from all eternity."

The voices within grow faint in the distance as the nuns pass round by the interior to the door where they are to receive her.

Here in the chapel is the soreness of farewell. Before the closed door she stops and turns to her mother for the last kiss. Then her father, brothers, sisters, the little twins. Italians never hide their feelings and even tall brothers are not ashamed of tears. Some of the group by the door are weeping. It is a sad and strange thing when a young and lovely girl disappears forever. Last of all she kneels for the bishop's blessing, and his voice too is not quite clear as he gives it. I think everybody is weeping.

Everybody but Elena. She alone is serene. Her farewells are affectionate, very gentle, quite detached. Perhaps that detachment adds a pang to the sense of loss. Her heart has found another home. It lies beyond that closed door.

The singing approaches, clear and jubilant. "Come, thou bride of Christ," and the door is thrown open from within. At last Elena smiles, smiles to someone within, and with an eager, almost a running, step, she passes through and is clasped in the arms held out to receive her. The long silken train sweeps after her and the door is closed.

I shall never see Elena again.

One more glimpse, however, before that final word need be said. The jubilant song is again lost as they lead the new Sister to the choir, and the bishop and assistants move to the grille beside the altar to bless the clothing. When we see her within she is no longer a bride, but stands in a simple garment ready to receive the raiment of immolation.

Nowadays we are not distressed by the sight of masses of delicious curls falling to the floor. Elena is—was—a modern girl and that sacrifice was made to fashion years ago. A symbolic snip is enough. Item by item the ceremonial clothing is completed. Everything has its spiritual meaning and is given with its accompanying words of admonition and prayer: the habit of the new creature, the veil of modesty, the girdle of purity, the rosary, Breviary, Rule. When she accepts the crucifix I hear her voice for the last time, and the words she says are: "*Mihi absit gloriari*—Forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ by Whom the world is crucified unto me and I unto the world."

And now the end—and the beginning.

"Henceforth thou art no more called Elena, for thy name shall be Sister Maria Consolatrice."

Friends may go into the visitors' *parlatorio* and see, through the great grille, the new Sister.

I do not go. Perhaps some day the eye of Sister Mary the Consoler will scan me through the grating in the vestibule and her voice will invite me to pass into the second parlor. And I think that I shall know it for the voice which once was Elena's.

I go down the hill alone thinking about vocations. The vocation to withdraw from the world and spend one's life in prayer; the vocation to stay in the world and live *sub specie aeternitatis;* the vocation to sacrifice one's will to the guidance of a human superior and seek perfection by the humble way of obedience; the vocation to accept the responsibility for one's reading of the will of God and seek perfection by the humbling way of trial and error—which is harder, which higher? Why ask? The vocation is the call, the perfection is in the response. Enough if one can respond like Elena and run, eager and smiling, into the arms of . . . one's calling.

Anticipation

There is in the air an imminence of snow
That will make light of every outline wrought
By twig and stone above ground and below;
That mocks at thawing and will bring to naught
Any faint thought of spring. Not yet the bud
Close-sheathed, O weary pilgrim; and not yet
That patch of blue reflected in the mud,
Or sudden green as startling as the wet
Dark sides of maples in the sun. There must
Be first obliteration and defeat,
Surrender to the rough, inevitable rust,
Before the first bird song sound forth so sweet
That hearts will be washed white as that white breath
That etches on the sky dark winter's death.

ELEANOR ALLETTA CHAFFEE.

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MARCH 17 IN JAPAN

By J. J. McCLUSKEY

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH in Japan celebrates every year on March 17, the discovery of the descendants of the first Japanese Christians. On that memorable day the clergy offer their Mass and recite their Office in honor of the Blessed Virgin of the Discovery of the Christians, a commemoration for Saint Patrick being made in both Mass and Office. It must be a source of exceeding joy for Saint Patrick, that the finding of the Japanese Christians occurred on the very day of his own glorious festival here below; for those thousands of native Christians preserved and practised in secret during more than two hundred years that Catholic faith implanted by Saint Francis Xavier on the pagan soil of Japan—the same Faith which Saint Patrick implanted on the pagan soil of Ireland. And just as the Catholic religion survived in Ireland in spite of the bloody Protestant persecutions, so likewise, in Japan, the Christian religion of Rome, though well-nigh annihilated by the savage pagan persecutions of the seventeenth century, held on strongly and secretly entrenched among its greatly diminished adherents at Goto island, Urakami and other parts of southern Japan.

After the powerful feudal lord and arch-persecutor of the Church, Iemitsu, vainly prided himself on having exterminated Christianity, the Empire of Japan remained in absolute seclusion from all European contact from about the middle of the seventeenth century till the middle of the nineteenth century. It was only after Commodore Perry's expedition to the Far East that the Japanese government was influenced to open the country to trade through the three main ports of Yokohama, Hakodate and Nagasaki. Soon the missionaries of the Paris Foreign Mission Society came in the wake of the trading vessels, and by the end of 1864 a beautiful small Catholic church was built on the Oura Hill of Nagasaki, just facing the Holy Mount of the twenty-six martyrs of Japan. However, the pagan government let it be strictly understood that both the Catholic church and the Protestant church in Nagasaki were to be used only for the foreign resident Christians.

Our blessed Lord says in Saint John's Gospel, "If I be lifted up from the earth I will draw all things to Myself." So it was that the gilded crosses of the triple-towered Nagasaki church drew thither to visit it daily, a great concourse of natives. Though to all appearances the Christian religion seemed already long extinct in Japan, the Holy Pontiffs had ever hoped and prayed that the true Faith, hidden and alive like the mustard seed, would come forth in all its strength in God's own good time. The pagan authorities, firmly believing no native Christians existed in Japan since Iemitsu's decree of extermination, allowed full liberty to all alike to satisfy their curiosity by entering the foreign temples of Nagasaki, and asking explanations from the missionaries in charge. The people, however, went in very small numbers to see the Protestant church because there was nothing within to fascinate or interest them. The largest groups of visitors to the Catholic church came from the neighboring town of Urakami; and they seemed the most interested of them all.

On one special day the priest happened to notice a strangely quiet and anxious-looking group waiting for the church doors to open. The missionary Father, after letting them enter and observing how respectful and reverential they were in church, felt himself strengthened with great hope; for he had already spent several years in the Nagasaki province, previous to the building of his church on the Oura Hill, and had sought everywhere for some trace of former Christianity. It was in the territory of Nagasaki that the Christian religion was most strongly established at the time of the early persecutions; and so, if Christianity still survived secretly in Japan, it was most likely there it was to be found. Hence the hopeful missionary knelt down in supplication before the high altar to implore the divine blessing on this encouraging group of a dozen visitors; whereupon what was his holy joy and glad surprise when a few of the aged ones knelt beside him and whispered very softly, "All of us here have the same heart as you." Unspeakable consolation must have flooded the soul of this good priest to find himself at last in the company of his spiritual children, the actual descendants of the first Christians of Japan.

At once the discovered native Christians asked him longingly, "Santa Maria no gozo wa doko?" (Where is the statue of Holy Mary?). Since it was then the month of Saint Joseph, doubtless the Holy Spouse of Mary and the Protector of God's Church inspired those good Christians to welcome back their Sacramental Lord through His own most Blessed Mother. The happy Christians spoke quietly with their still happier spiritual Father on God the Creator, on Christ the Saviour and on the saints, especially Saint Joseph whom their ancient tradition taught them was the Foster Father of Christ. But both the missionary and the Christian group had to act and talk most cautiously, lest the police guards at the church doors suspect something—the penalty for natives becoming Christians being imprisonment or death. However, they were able to converse a little about the mysteries of faith and the solemnities of the Church, and also the season of Lent, which they called the time of sorrow, and which they observed by prayer and fasting. At last the little group departed joyfully for their village of Urakami, where the people had been secretly Christian for two centuries; and from there the good news spread before long to other strongholds where Christianity survived.

In Japan, just as in India, the wonderful missionary Saint Francis Xavier organized his newly formed Christian communities in such a wise and practical manner as to enable them to exist indefinitely, without the administrations of the sacred priesthood. Hence, the priest of Nagasaki and his assistants, on investigating the religious conditions at Urakami and elsewhere, found the secret Catholics similarly and surprisingly well organized at all the Christian centers. There was a leading Christian for each village or division, who acted as a sort of religious superior, presiding over their secret meetings, seeing that baptism was properly administered, that the devotional exercises were carefully performed, and the like. The regular baptizer held that responsible office for ten years, being always assisted by an apprentice who had to watch and learn for five years. Another important office was that of publishing the church calendar, while still another was that of announcing the feast days of the week. The nativity of Christ on Xmas day was observed with special, simple solemnity—the Christians in different sections keeping prayerful watch on the preceding night, at a neatly-prepared stable with a live ox and a tiny babe.

A booklet on perfect contrition served the Christians instead of sacramental confession. All recited together the prayer for the dying and accompanied the body to the grave while saying the holy rosary on their beads. At the Friday meetings they said the seven penitential psalms, and during the Sunday gathering they listened devoutly to the pious reading of the Passion. The Christian parents taught the Catholic doctrine in ten articles to their children, who also learned their prayers by heart. The rosary was said meditating on the fifteen mysteries; and the Christians all loved to make frequently the sign of the

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cross, for it reminded them of Christ Crucified, for Whose faith their Christian ancestors endured such awful sufferings.

And they did well to meditate daily on our Saviour's Passion, for the discovered Christians, numbering some 1,000, were made to suffer for their faith before long. The pagan authorities became aware of the situation and forced the Christians of Urakami to endure a painful exile from 1870 to 1873, during which 500 confessors of the Faith died for Christ. Later on the imperial government granted liberty of worship to all.

COMMUNICATIONS

A PLEA FOR PLAINSONG

Cincinnati, Ohio.

TO the Editor: Apropos of the Reverend Ignatius Kelly's very interesting article entitled, "An Apology for Plainsong," in the January 11 issue of THE COMMONWEAL, I do not believe he has quite laid his finger upon the real difficulty which underlies the opposition to its restoration.

It seems to me that the reason for the general dislike for Gregorian chant lies deeper than a mere matter of musical taste. Indeed, this prevalent dislike is not a musical matter at all, but rather liturgical. Before Gregorian chant can be restored to its rightful place in the worship of the Church, a prior and more important task must be accomplished. The way must be paved for it. The foundation must be laid broad, deep and enduring. This foundation will consist of a widespread and intimate knowledge of the Church's sacred liturgy on the part of her children. The liturgy must be understood, felt and lived by the faithful. They must cease to be merely "mute spectators" during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass but must become active participants in its action, praying it with the celebrant and understanding its texts as they vary from Sunday to Sunday and from season to season. They must realize that a certain lesson runs through the text of every Mass from Introit to Communion versicle, and they must catch this thought. The people must again become acquainted with the Divine Office, or at least with such parts of it as can feasibly be sung in parish churches, as Vespers and Compline. Also the other Offices ought to become more familiar to the faithful. For instance, how few have any acquaintance with the beautiful liturgy connected with the blessing of candles on Candlemas Day, the solemn blessing of palms on Palm Sunday, the blessing of the oils on Maundy Thursday, or the magnificent liturgy employed in the blessing of the paschal candle and the baptismal waters on Holy Saturday. To restore the liturgy to the faithful, therein lies the crux of the matter. A colossal task, but by no means insurmountable.

"But," it will be asked, "what has all this to do with Gregorian chant?" Just this. When Catholics have again caught the spirit of the liturgy, when they pray the Mass, when they live the liturgy, when they feel the liturgy, they will require a musical vehicle which adequately expresses the loftiness, the breadth, the depth, the pathos, the joyousness, the grace, the glory, yea, the mystical union of the liturgy. They can then no more tolerate operatic music during the Holy Mysteries than a jazz band at a funeral.

I have no desire merely to rant, but, since I am on the subject, let me note just a few of the horrors that are perpetrated in well-nigh every church in the land. Take the Kyrie Eleison, that ninefold plea for mercy. How can anyone with a spark of the true spirit of prayer listen without resentment when he hears it sung to an operatic setting, as suggestive of a plea for mercy as the chorus in a musical comedy?

Again, Sunday after Sunday we listen to (or rather endure) some banal rendition of that magnificent age-old paean of praise, the Gloria in Excelsis. Not only do these compositions, even the best of them, fail to express the thoughts contained in the liturgical text, but, what is infinitely worse, make sheer nonsense of the text.

Or again, consider the Credo. If there is a portion of the Mass in which the whole congregation should participate, surely it is the Nicene Creed. It is our Christian profession of faith resounding down the centuries from Nicea. With it we throw down the gauntlet before the world of unbelief which confronts us, and join our voices with the martyrs, saints, confessors and faithful down the ages in one grand chorus, "I believe." But what do we do? We slump down into our pews while the choir shouts and screams the Credo in our ears, tearing its sublime affirmations apart, wrongly piecing them together again to suit the music, splitting this word and then that from its context, and splicing them to the next phrase, until the whole is just one confused jargon of Latin syllables. It would be ludicrous were not the text so serious and so sacred. Now compare this sort of thing with the Credo chanted to one of its Gregorian melodies; note its stately cadences moving steadily on from clause to clause and yet unhurriedly, interpreting the words and, at the same time, being filled with them, never lolling tiresomely over any of them, and yet at times pausing tenderly over some.

The acme of impropriety is reached when the choir blares forth the Agnus Dei with an uproarious fanfare, interminably repeating the words until they are robbed of all significance as a tender plea for pardon and peace. Plainchant would render it with decorum, with sweetness and, above all, with sincerity, leaving us with a sense of peace as the Mass moves to its close.

To sum it up: the restoration of Gregorian plainchant means the return to that fine sense of the eternal fitness of things, as it applies to church music. To acquire this, we must return to the liturgy and, as a people, once again imbibe its spirit. Pope Pius X gave us the command over a quarter-century ago and two succeeding Pontiffs have reiterated it. Why are we waiting?

LAICUS IGNOTUS.

A COMPLETE CATECHISM

Louisville, Ky.

TO the Editor: I note that Mr. Louis Kenedy, in the February 15 number of THE COMMONWEAL, takes exception to my remarks relative to Cardinal Gasparri's "Complete Catechism." In connection with this communication of Mr. Kenedy, I repeat that in order that any text-book be serviceable for children, it must be written in intelligible language. Language which is not directly intelligible to children does not serve the purpose of language as a medium of communication of thought. An unintelligible word writen into a text is as useless as a Chinese word, or as an Egyptian hieroglyphic. So far as I know, this intelligibility of language is recognized as a sound pedagogic principle. Why should a catechism be an exception to the rule?

I readily grant that theology is a science, which, like all sciences, has many technical terms peculiar to itself. But why inflict these theological and technical terms on children? A text-book on theology is writen for students in a seminary, and not for children in the elementary grades. When the rudiments of other sciences, such as physiology and mathematics, are taught to children, no teacher worthy of the name would use a text-book written in technical language intended for ad-

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vanced students. On the contrary a teacher uses a beginner's text, written in simple language, such that children can understand. If this procedure is pedagogically sound, why make an exception in teaching religion?

I contend that the desideratum is not necessarily to teach theology to children, but rather to teach religion. The Catholic religion was taught many years before theological and technical terms were brought into being by scholastic theologians. These terms do good service for advanced students, but not for beginners.

Mr. Kenedy seems to think that the Catholic religion cannot be correctly taught except by making use of theological technicalities. I hold that such a method is most unscientific in teaching religion to children. And the reason is that this unscientific method expects children to understand the same manner of presentation of religion as is given to advanced students.

Mr. Kenedy further apparently implies that religion cannot be correctly presented in language that is "readily understandable." I might admit that Catholic Doctrine cannot always be completely expressed, but I deny that it cannot be correctly expressed. To illustrate: Cardinal Gasparri in his smallest size catechism gives this definition of God: "By the name of 'God' I mean a most pure spirit, infinite in understanding, will, and all perfection, one by unity of nature in three distinct Persons, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, who make up the Most Holy Trinity." Is it not correct Catholic Doctrine to say that God is the "maker of heaven and earth and all things?" This latter definition is correct, if incomplete. Small children can learn it. Can small children learn the definition of Cardinal Gasparri? The usual defense for insisting on the learning of technical terms by children is that they will understand them in after life. To which Archbishop Sheehan of Australia trenchantly comments: "Such contains by implication two false assertions, and is educationally unsound."

Rev. Joseph A. Newman.

IN BEHALF OF BOYS

New York, N. Y.

To the Editor: It was very kind of you to refer to the plight of the Catholic Boys Brigade in a recent editorial paragraph. I am certain that a large number of your readers will blame it all on the depression and let matters rest without giving them any further thought. No doubt, the depression is the cause of many evils, directly and indirectly. A reduction of over 50 percent in annual charitable contributions (the Brigade has no other sources of income) means much in a comparatively small budget, especially if at the same time work multiplies at a rate never before encountered.

At present the number of applications for membership and the formation of units is rapidly increasing. In some of the down town branches membership was doubled within two months. It is perfectly natural. Lack of money for movies and other diversions entailing expenses make boys look for places where they may find shelter and entertainment without cost. In congested districts, the evenings at home become very unpleasant. All the talk centers about lack of money, lack of work, lack of food and the necessities of life, the pressing of financial obligations and such things that usually accompany extreme poverty. Naturally, the dispositions of such families are not attractive. Most of our boys hail from this type of home. Most of them are absolutely in need of recreation to avert psychological harm of the worst type, to protect their morals and keep them with their parents. Some of them are in need of food as well. Although parishes do what they can, they are in most cases not able to cope with a calamity of this type and proportion.

The Brigade could easily extend its benefits to 10,000 or more New York boys if it were not for the lack of trained leaders. At present we have about 300 trained volunteers in Greater New York, but a number of them have been out of work for a considerable time and, consequently, lose interest in everything and often can no longer afford the car fare amounting to ten or twenty cents a day. We need more leaders. The securing and training of leaders costs some money since the courses are given free to those who volunteer. Such a course will start shortly, and it is hoped that a goodly number of young men and men will respond to the appeal that is now being mailed out. That such a course brings perhaps greater advantages to the men taking part in them than to the boys to be led may not be fully understood by some, but it is nevertheless a fact. To many a man who paid us a visit at our Institute, 316 West 85th Street, Manhattan, the scope and value of boy-leadership became a revelation.

This is a matter of utmost importance; a feature of Catholic Action that is really pressing. We are deploring the waywardness of many youngsters and are looking for ways and means to curb and protect our wandering youth. Concluding from the causes that lie at the root of the problem and in view of the impending bad consequences, we must say that recreational leadership is one of the most needed remedies and preventives.

Rev. Kilian J. Hennrich, O.M.Cap.
Director General, Catholic Boys Brigade, U. S.

THE TRIALS OF A DEBTOR

Louisville, Ky.

To the Editor: Surely Ernest F. DuBrul's very interesting article, "The Trials of a Debtor," is based on false hypotheses.

Just to summarize briefly: Are not supply and demand, as well as debtor and creditor situations, much like cars trailing each other in a one way pass? So long as both maintain the same rate of speed, whether it be fast or slow, things run smoothly, but if the leader checks his gait and the trailer does not, disaster is inevitable. Just so, if supply closely trails demand, the wheels are bound to continue to revolve without friction. Do away with the dishonesty which made so many stocks worthless paper, with the greed which induces some capital to demand exorbitant earnings on investments, and neither of the above groups is a problem; but when demand is reduced or stopped for lack of funds, caused by capital's withholding employment to save expense, a catastrophe is inevitable.

The seventh and tenth commandments are the Lord's own endorsement of private ownership of property, but at the same time, the second of the two great commandments, "on which standeth the whole law and the prophets," governs the conduct of those whose accumulations are sufficiently large to seriously affect the financial condition of the masses.

As for the intrinsic value of gold and the essential worthlessness of other means of exchange, aside from the inherited preference for the yellow metal which began in the dawn of history and continued almost until the present time, and aside from its convenience for use in the manufacture of things which require a very malleable and ductile metal, just what is its intrinsic value? Given a sufficiency of food, clothing, shelter and energy, the natural needs of man are taken care of. But of what use were all the gold in the world without these things, even for the natural man? If then, it has a value as a means of

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exchange, is it not really more or less an arbitrary value, to a certain extent like to that we give the paper that represents or is supposed to represent it? When our money is high on foreign exchange, we certainly expect to get more of foreign money for ours, than we do when it is lower. Why then, when our money is above par in buying power, should it be less high in paying power? If the house I built five years ago for $10,000 is now worth hardly $5,000 and you with my payment of $5,000 can buy a similar house, or an amount of securities equal to the amount you could have gotten for $10,000 at the time you purchased the investment represented by my mortgage or notes, why should not my remittance of the smaller amount satisfy my obligation?

Certainly such a thing should be properly and officially gaged, but the justice of the idea seems to me incontrovertible and any thought of it being a question of saddling the debt or part of it on the creditor, wrong.

ANASTASIA M. LAWLER.

THE PRESS AND THE CHURCH

Dome Creek, B. C.

TO the Editor: Your editorial, "The Press and the Church," in the issue of February 15 was very interesting and instructive. There is no question but that it is a subject of vital importance and very difficult to solve. To transform every Catholic into an active supporter of the Catholic press is humanly impossible. But if 75 percent of them were so transformed it would be sufficient, and I think this can be done.

The taste for good or poor reading springs from the same source. Whichever taste is cultivated the more shall become the stronger. Interest is the tool which cultivates the taste. It follows then, that whichever kind of reading claims the most interest shall be read the most. One of the principal factors which develops interest is the discussion of what is read. Every day we hear people talking about what they saw in this or that paper or magazine. Thus interest is generated. If those who read Catholic publications would discuss with their neighbors the news or articles which they find therein, it would have a powerful interest-building influence. If parents would do the same in the presence of their children, it would nearly always be effective. And I think every pastor should give a talk on the subject at least once a month. All Catholic schools can cultivate this vital interest by discussing Catholic articles and news with their pupils. If we want a strong press we must build up this interest in the young people. And it must be done, principally, in the home and school as outlined above.

In conclusion, I wish to express my belief that the Catholic weeklies have one fundamental weakness. They are too narrow in scope. They should be catholic or universal in scope. Why can't they carry the general news of the world like other papers? Many Catholics cannot afford two papers. Catholics have material interests as well as spiritual. If our papers would combine the two kinds of news so that Catholics would need to take their diocesan paper only, it would mean a tremendous increase in circulation for the same. I know such a weekly would satisfy millions who live in rural districts. As it is, we must read the other papers which means that our homes are generally littered with them. Most of these papers by their type of news and special articles tend to destroy the taste for good reading.

I must confess that I have insufficient knowledge to know if the obstacles in the way of adopting the above policy are insurmountable or not.

C. C. GLEASON.

THE ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY

Philadelphia, Pa.

TO the Editor: I am writing to you about the Society of St. Vincent de Paul of Philadelphia. At the annual and last quarterly of the Society, which took place the Sunday following the feast of our great patroness, the Immaculate Conception, on December 8, the printed report showed that the eighty-five parish conferences within the circumscription of the Particular Council of Philadelphia spent in parish relief $217,300 odd. This does not include what the members of the special committees spent out of their own means, such as the sailors committee, the almshouse and hospital committee, the prison committee, and the after care committee, which look after the boys discharged from the protectories. Only last Thursday, at the monthly meeting of the Particular Council, I read out the monthly report of the almshouse and hospital committee, which showed an increase of the number of visits, and there were no less than forty-seven men brought back to the Church and sacraments, some of them after a long period of absence.

This is the spiritual end of the main object of our great Society, and by far the hardest. Temporal relief is easy, but not the spiritual. Remembering the words of Christ, "There shall be joy in heaven upon one sinner that doth penance, more than upon ninety-nine just who need not penance."

I have been a member of one Conference, St. James, for over forty-four and a half years, and sixteen and a half years on the hospital committee. If you can find room for what I have written in your future numbers of THE COMMONWEAL, it will show the readers that the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, "the greatest society in the Catholic Church," as the late Archbishop Ryan once told us, is doing its full share of relief in these terrible and distressing times, in material as well as spiritual needs.

LOUIS REPPLIER.

FAREWELL TO FREUD?

Peaks Island, Me.

TO the Editor: Whatever may be the judgment in years to come regarding Freud and his work, I think one should bear in mind that despite the fundamental variance of much of Freud's teaching with Catholic psychology and morality, he has made some valuable contributions to the science of psychiatry. Surely we need a better witness to the decadence of Freudianism than a man like Dr. Logan Clendening, with his flare for publicity and sensationalism, is capable of being.

Back in 1928, Clendening published a book entitled "The Human Body," a jumble of medical lore for the consumption of the layman beset with the delusion that he can sit himself down of an evening with his pipe and a tome such as this and store in his mind all the information necessary to guide him in the way of health and sane living without further need of a medical adviser. A fatal delusion indeed as many a man has learned to his sorrow. On page 12 of the above opus magnum Dr. Clendening remarks: "In that long sleep of the intellect known as the middle ages there was no space for the study of nature. The Catholic apologists—for instance, Walsh in 'The Popes and Science'—have tried to make out a case for the encouragement the Church gave to research. That is, of course, nonsense." This is only one of several passages strikingly indicative of the author's matchless erudition.

Mindful of this and of other things, it would seem wise not to attach too much importance to what Dr. Clendening has recently written in the *American Spectator* concerning Freudianism.

REV. SAMUEL M. DONOVAN.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Both Your Houses

IT MAY prove to be a fortunate coincidence that Maxwell Anderson's whip-lashing of Congress, otherwise known as his latest play, "Both Your Houses," emerges into full theatrical life at the very time when the responsible and hard-working people of this land are groaning over their preposterous income taxes. For Mr. Anderson spares none of his playwright's skill in explaining just where and how many hundreds of millions of taxpayers' dollars go. He explains the cynical philosophy of a Congress bred in the tradition of buying votes through handing out "other peoples' money." He tells the unvarnished tale of indirect bribery, and tells it so well that it leaves you a bit disturbed at the pit of your stomach and with an appreciably increased blood pressure.

The greatest merits of the play are its restraint and its use of other colors than black and white. Congress, as anyone knows who has roamed in its inner halls for a few months, is full of men of reasonably high caliber. They compare quite favorably, for example, with any group of business men of similar size. Congressmen have no unity of thought on important questions, but neither have business men. In large directors' meetings and in private business assemblies there are just as many conflicting interests and views and just as many fatal compromises as in Congress. The difference lies chiefly in the fact that a written record is kept of every word uttered in Congress, and in the further fact, of course, that Congress is a trusteeship rather than a business. Business men are supposed to be self-seekers under our outworn system of unlimited competition. A business man who achieves an advantage for his firm is rated as clever and enterprising. A congressman seeking similar advantage for his district is rated in similar fashion by the voters of his district. But from the view of the nation as a whole, he is apt to be considered a scoundrel. His own justify him, and because he depends on their votes, he accepts this justification with cynical assurance. It is only when the trusteeship of the nation as a whole demands attention that the fallacy of the "district representative" is stripped naked. Mr. Anderson writes from the national viewpoint, but he is fair enough to give the devil his due by painting the average congressman as a winking compromiser between the pork for his own district and the needed pork for other districts. The wheels of legislation, it seems, must be greased by pork at wholesale.

Mr. Anderson selects for the material of his play the passage, over a presidential veto, of an appropriation bill which starts out with a mere $40,000,000 for building a dam and ends as an omnibus bill with dozens of "riders" amounting in all to $400,000,000. The "riders" include everything from maternity center appropriations authorizing dissemination of birth control information to appropriations for battleships, for naval maneuvers near a congressman's real estate development, and for a war on Japanese beetles in a section where no Japanese beetles exist. A lone new congressman, who has startled everyone by having his own election investigated, fights against the mountain of graft. He gets the support of the opposition on purely political grounds and nearly wins over the critical center block of independents. But the independents are working for the beetle war appropriation and when the appropriations committee yields to them on the beetles, things look dark. Then, as a desperate measure, he moves to include every item that the committee has stricken out as too "far-fetched" in the hope that the very flagrancy of the bill will kill it and assure a presidential veto. For a time it looks as if his plan will work. But finally Congress passes the bill amid cheers even over the veto.

Mr. Anderson handles his material with the utmost skill, building up the situation by easy and plausible stages. One forgives him his slight exaggerations and his few improbable details in the light of the obvious reality of the broad principles. He shows the dilemma of the congressman who can hope to accomplish things, even worth-while things, only by "playing the game" when other men's pork is at stake. Such characters as Congressman Solomon Fitzmaurice, played to the hilt by Walter C. Kelly, and the committee chairman, Simeon Gray, played by Robert Strange, have all the fiber of bold reality and the complex colorings that make them human and understandable. Alan McClean, the young reformer, played by Shepperd Strudwick in wholly believable fashion, is perhaps too tightly drawn. But he serves the purpose of foil to the jolly orgy of the grafters. The offstage protagonist, the people, is also well pictured as guilty of criminal indifference. Mr. Anderson's characters are literate and intelligent, and his play, which the Theatre Guild has mounted in workmanlike fashion, merits more than passing consideration from the Pulitzer committee. (At the Royale Theatre.)

Forsaking All Others

MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD, returning from many triumphs in England, is the headliner in this comedy of a bride forsaken at the altar who ends by marrying the man you knew she ought to marry. The play itself has diverting moments, but not much substance.

Mary Clay, as the story has it, finds at the altar that the man she was about to marry prefers marriage to another lady with whom he has previously wandered over European pleasure resorts. Being an indecisive young man, however, he turns up later on with the surprising statement that he deserted his new wife as suddenly as he had his fiancée—that he left her, in fact, immediately after the wedding, and that she is about to get a Mexican divorce. Just why a complete annulment would not have covered the matter is not made clear. At all events, when the Mexican formalities are over, he again seeks to marry Mary Clay, who half-heartedly consents, not caring too much for done-over wedding breakfasts. In the end, she decides that she cannot go through with it, and marries another likable young man who has been hovering in the offing since the first act. With this turning of the tables on the oft-deserting bridegroom, the play ends.

Miss Bankhead, as Mary Clay, plays her distinctly ingénue rôle with all the sophistication of a wealthy and sinuous merry widow. She has enough poise to stagger half a dozen ordinary men, with the result that when the play calls for her to break down in tears, or otherwise emote, the effect is hardly persuasive or full of that illusion for which the theatre exists. As I recall Miss Bankhead's earlier appearances in New York in secondary rôles, I cannot see that she has made that degree of progress which would explain her London career. Possibly Londoners have their own ideas of what the typical American actress should be, although their equal approval of our lovely Peggy Wood seems to indicate that they have variable taste in Americana. We have a dozen good actresses on our current stage who could play Mary Clay more "in part" and less in the manner of a personable young lady on parade than Miss Bankhead. Both Cora Witherspoon, as a flighty middle-aged aunt, and Ilka Chase, as a young person given to many cocktails, do more to give the play life than its star actress. (At the Times Square Theatre.)

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BOOKS

Ciceronian Days

The Roman Way, by Edith Hamilton. New York: W. W. Norton Company. $3.00.

IN "A ROOM OF ONE'S OWN" Virginia Woolf asks herself the question, "whether there are two sexes in the mind corresponding to the two sexes in the body, and whether they also require to be united in order to get complete satisfaction and happiness?" The thought came to my mind repeatedly as I enjoyed Miss Hamilton's lively and dramatic picture of Roman life and manners from the early republic to the time of Domitian. Here for the reader, be he skilled or unskilled in Latin, there lives the human fun of Roman comedy; the passion of Catullus; the perfect rhythm of the poetry of Horace, his kindly moralizing on his world and its joys and follies; the bitter satire of Juvenal when Roman liberty was no more. Here Cicero stands forth in his weakness and his glory, a very human man; here Tacitus pours out his invective against a tyrant's rule; here Stoic creed and glowing romanticism are found as necessary part and portion of the Roman character and its legacy to our days.

Thus, if I may so describe it, the "feminine" side of the book is excellent—a very essential side, and miserably lacking in so many scholarly products of masculinity unrelieved. And yet I miss throughout the book that patient care for solid accuracy based on research which the scholar owes, above all, to the un-Latinized reader who can only take his words on trust. It is a splendid idea to picture the Roman Way through the writings of the Romans themselves; but it is sheer folly not to interpret those writings for the uninitiated in the light of, first, the history of Roman times, and, secondly, of the labors of modern scholarship, however gently one may have to apply one's hard-earned knowledge. Our reading of Anthony Trollope or W. S. Gilbert does, indeed, lighten up mid-Victorian England as the historians can never do. But, then, we all do know at least something of English history, and of Roman history many of us do not! A background surely is needed for our scene.

Moreover, in the midst of this vivid tale the student's eye is vexed by sweeping or misleading statements. "When the curtain rings up for the stupendous drama which we know as ancient Rome, it is raised surprisingly on two comic writers." Here the long overture of Roman literature is scarcely noticed, and Father Ennius has no part. "There is no better indication of what the people of any period are like than the plays they go to see." Were not the plays of Plautus produced while Rome was still seeking relief from the grim realities of war? It would be unkind to judge England's war-time populace by the two thousand and odd nights of "Chu Chin Chow"! "These intimate letters [i.e., of Cicero] . . . are nearly always very dull. They are not history, they are daily life, non-consecutive, full of trivialities, repetitions." Surely the letters of Cicero are the great searchlight thrown on the last years of Rome's republic. "In none of the many letters Cicero wrote from the seat of war is there a word of complaint against the fate that carried him away from his beloved city . . . to far distant Cilicia. . . . He was merely doing what he had expected when he came forward as candidate for the consulship." What about that inconvenient ruling of Pompey on provinces? "No one in the 'AEneid,' except Dido alone, ever comes down to earth. The heroes never are afraid." What about Turnus and that long-drawn struggle in Book XII? "It never entered his mind [i.e., Horace] that there was anything objectionable

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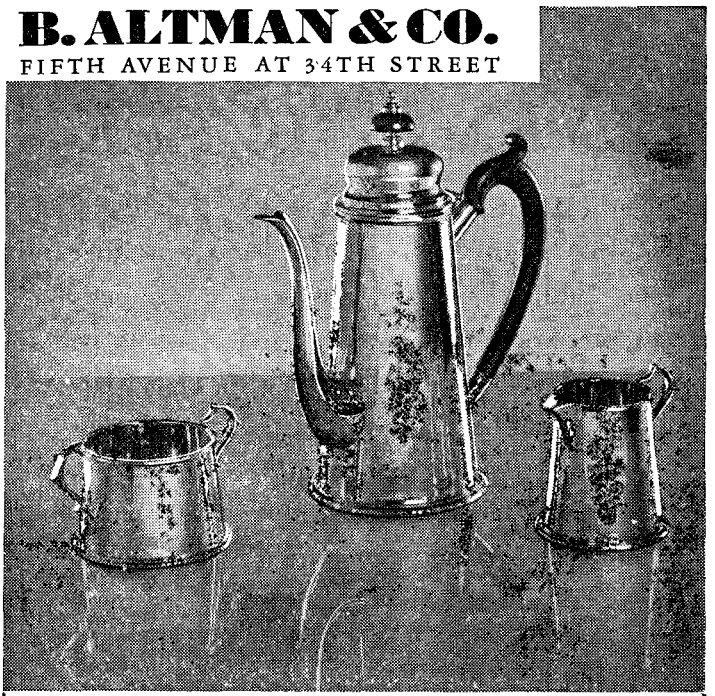

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NEXT WEEK

THE BELLS OF SAN JACINTO, by Don Marquis, is the first part of a story that will add richness and glamor to the reader's appreciation of the storied land in which he lives. It is virile, as anything by Don Marquis would be. It is full of the natural, simple poetry of life that we all see at moments in a clear timelessness, when we escape out of our time-serving into an appreciation of eternal values. And it mounts to swift, moving drama. . . . SOCIAL CREDIT IN AMERICA, by Gorham Munson, is an explanation of a plan for remedying the inadequacy of our monetary system for distributing the very abundance of goods and services which has brought upon us the extraordinary paradox of poverty in the midst of plenty. It is a plan by which the consumer is made paramount and the community does not chronicly produce more than it has the power of consuming, driving down prices, hammering down salaries, all the while the individual has no recourse but the production of further goods (which may never be wanted) in order to secure a claim on goods already in existence. This most important article will be followed in later issues of THE COMMONWEAL by two further articles on the social credit plan. Some form of this plan undoubtedly will be the one which will synthesize all the discordant elements of our present economic system and furnish us with a social economy which will supersede our present economic anarchy. . . . CATHOLIC ACTION FOR PEACE is a realistic paper on this subject by John Tracy Ellis. . . . And Karl Schaezler writes illuminatingly on RICHARD WAGNER.

in a show of devotion for the purpose of getting money from a man." Probably the lovers of Horace will challenge this. Stoic philosophy finds its due place. Might not Lucretius and the Epicureanism which thrilled young Vergil and his friends walk across the stage of the Roman Way?

The book also bears marks of haste. On page 89 two letters are confused: Q.Fr. III, i, and III, ix; on page 95 Pompey the Great is confused with Q. Pompeius Rufus; on page 107 the letter of Caelius, Fam. VIII, xiv, is confused with Fam. VIII, viii. The arranging of the notes according to the (unmarked) line of the text gets rid of obtrusive learning, indeed, but is a sore trial to a serious reader, and should not acknowledgment be made of the writer's debt to the Loeb translations of Cicero in chapters 4, 5, and 6?

These are doubtless small matters in a book intended primarily for the general reader. But, as I have said, the general reader depends on the scholar. I feel that there is still a place open in our manifold making of books for one that shall wed for the history of Latin literature a "masculine" toil of scholarship with this "feminine" attraction of spicy modern narrative and graphic picturing of detail.

ELEANOR SHIPLEY DUCKETT.

A Man of War

Sherman: Fighting Prophet, by Lloyd Lewis. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

IN THIS, one of the most unqualifiedly admirable biographies of this century, Mr. Lewis has painted at every point one of America's greatest prophets. A prophet is not a mere predicter of occurrences. He is a man who can gage every tendency unerringly and who has vision to foresee the ultimate of everything. Sherman's vision never had a flaw. He never failed in any instance to foresee the future, far ahead as it might be, because of his uncanny accuracy in understanding the tendencies out of which that future must inevitably flow. This is the more astonishing because he lived in a time when almost nobody else had that wide understanding, and when all guessed wrong; and this includes Lincoln, Jefferson Davis and Lee.

Before the Civil War he was a professor in a Louisiana college. He knew war was coming. The disunionists about him believed that secession would be accomplished peaceably, and he told them with vehemence that it could not—with such vehemence that tears ran down his cheeks, for he was an emotional man. He foretold the course of the war to unbelieving Southerners: "At first you will make headway, but as your limited resources begin to fail, and shut out from the markets of Europe by blockade as you will be, your cause will begin to wane." He loved the South better than the North, and it was as a broken-hearted man that he left it, for he loved the Union better than either.

He knew that the Confederacy would fall in the West, not in the East, where Lincoln, Lee and the rest thought the decision would come. It did fall in the West. The Lost Cause was lost when he and Grant captured Vicksburg in 1863. That split the South in two, and there was nothing more to do but march eastward and sweep up the remnants; but the blind men at Washington and Richmond could not see it and went on fighting a war already ended. It was not until 1864 that Sherman was freed enough to carry out his conception and make the march, whereupon, as he advanced up the Atlantic coast, the Confederacy fell in ruins.

Before and during the war he had been equally a prophet about what should come after. Again the blind men thwarted

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him, and it took decades to realize the Sherman conception, but it has been realized. The war over, he intended restoration of the South to full equality, and the peace terms he drew when Johnston surrendered to him were far more generous than Grant's to Lee. Under them the South was to take equal rank with the North, in whatever way it chose. The terms were overriden by the blind men, and the results were first the reconstruction horror and then the mutual animosity engendered by it, only recently healed. He argued and clamored in his tempestuous way, still prophesying, but neither side would listen to him, and he had long been dead when the clarity of his vision was demonstrated, as it is today.

As a soldier he began by leaning over backward in making war mercifully, but his superiors, beginning with Halleck, insisted on ruthlessness, and he obeyed orders like the other commanders on the Union side—and on the Confederate side, for the South was a little ahead in ill-treatment of the conquered. His name symbolizes ruthlessness more than those of Sheridan, Hunter and the rest, but that is because his last march held the center of the stage. In beginning it he gave his real sentiments to the protesting Mayor of Atlanta: "You cannot qualify war in harsher terms than I will. War is cruelty and you cannot refine it." This is the phrase which someone later simplified into the celebrated version, "War is hell."

CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON.

Revivals

Evangelized America, by Grover C. Loud: New York: The Dial Press. $4.00.

A NEWSPAPER man should have no difficulty in discovering colorful material in any history of American revivalism, and Grover C. Loud has unearthed plenty. The book abounds in pungent journalese, and while there are slight inaccuracies here and there, his facts are generally well authenticated and carefully chosen. There are few dull pages in spite of the fact that the biogrpahical notes concerning personalities less widely known than Jonathan Edwards, George Whitfield, William Miller, Charles G. Finney, Dwight L. Moody, J. Wilbur Chapman and William A. Sunday are so numerous that the reader is occasionally bewildered. Here one may study certain most significant movements which developed out of the juxtaposition of Protestantism and the frontier—the alleged awakenings, both great and small, which swept over large portions of America, ever inviting controversy and issuing too often in weird pathological conditions which undoubtedly helped many to escape from the drabness and soddenness of their lives but at the same time left others in a worse condition than before. Herein is described not alone the amazing power of a Moody, but also the "resilient holiness" of the Jumpers, the "rotative religion" of the Holy Rollers, the "Angelus psycho-sanative art" of Sister Aimée, corybantic religion, and a variety of other forms of what Dean Sperry of Harvard has called "spiritual unchastity," i. e., the "stirring up religious feelings for the pleasure received from them."

The book has a peculiar timeliness for, despite the assertion of the author that high-powered evangelism has passed away forever, Buchmanism, sugar-coated with the name of England's great citadel of sweetness and light, *sans* theology, *sans* a social message, and *sans* a good many other things, is now offering a new way of escape for the spiritually unhappy, the morally foundering and the timid and troubled clergy who want something more than a 4.4 percent kick in their religion. What is more, a careful study of revivals indicates a marked relationship

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between times of economic depression and "revivals of religion." This is particularly evident in the story of the revival following the panic of 1857. Man's extremity has been God's opportunity, and we need not be surprised if before the Great Depression ends, a new type of revivalist emerges with a variation of the sawdust trail and a slightly revised formula for salvation. Those who wish to save religion from its alleged friends should therefore prepare for the worst and inform themselves concerning the validity of these various manifestations in history.

Mr. Loud dedicates his book to a Methodist Episcopal minister in New Hampshire, who went about doing good in a humble, constructive way and left the imprint of his personality on the entire community. "He did not believe in revivals." Neither does the author. But Mr. Loud does recognize that in many instances they have made a real contribution to genuine religion; in other instances they have released forces which can only be described as demoniac. It would be easy to argue that these excesses of revivalism constitute the logical culmination of Protestantism with its unbridled individualism, its insistence on the infallibility of John Doe, its excessive subjectivism, its disregard for the safeguards of Catholic tradition, and its easy confusion of the subconscious with the Holy Spirit. To argue thus, however, would be to caricature Protestantism, and yet it is the price which Protestantism must pay for what it calls spiritual liberty. Moreover, the course of revivalism must be studied not only as a strange excretion of Protestantism but also as a product of the frontier. As someone has said, revivalism must be accepted, at least in part just as we accept Congress, as a curious institution, peculiarly American.

CLARIS EDWIN SILCOX.

The Revisionists

The New Balance of Power in Europe, by Valentine de Balla. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. $2.00.

THE IMPORTANCE of Dr. de Balla's study of European revisionists lies in its factualness. Here and there the conclusions drawn from the facts as stated may be challenged, and personally I feel that the author is far more at home in politics than in industrial economics. Thus, for example, it does not seem quite correct to say that "Germany is absolutely dependent on her foreign trade." That would appear to be true only so long as the structure of German economics remains mapped out in accordance with the principles of export trade. But, as I have said, the facts assembled by Dr. de Balla are of the greatest interest and value. There is no other book which draws so many of them together in so convincing a way. Accordingly this dissertation deserves a place on the reading list of all whom foreign policy concerns.

There are interesting chapters defining the revisionist movement and analyzing the status quo system. But most readers are likely to agree that Mr. de Balla is most worth while when he discusses the moot question of military power. So many bland statements have been made to the effect that Germany is "secretly arming," that at least a few good burghers felt sure that Hitler's first act would be a march on Paris. Nothing could be more absurd. Mr. de Balla's figures have the advantage of being derived from a comparative study of French estimates, and they show conclusively that Germany would have as much chance in a war with France as did the devil when he tempted the sturdy old English blacksmith saint in the guise of a pretty woman. The "private armies" of the Reich possess some defensive value, but their use as offensive troops would be simply ridiculous. In the case of Italy matters are

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somewhat more complicated, not because Mussolini has built up an army which could take the field against France but because Italian ships and bombing planes possess a certain alleged superiority. Yet here again Il Duce has succeeded in creating a force which the French might not like to attack, but he is miles removed from having in his pocket a real military threat. It is to be hoped that very many Americans will read this careful presentation of realities and discard illusions.

The final chapter discusses the probability of a conflagration in Europe and outlines an alternative—the simple matter of giving Germany a chance to develop influence in Central Europe. After all the stuff that has been written about *Mitteleuropa,* it is significant that students are everywhere coming round to this thesis in the interests of peace. France's blunder has not been the maintenance of a large army; but rather its adventuresome meddling in the east where Gallic activity has always failed. Ultimately the loans to Poland will be lost, even as were those to Russia. Meanwhile no earthly good has come to anybody else as a result of fourteen years of excited intrigue. It remains to be added, however, that political events have very considerably weakened the status of Germany. No problem confronting Hitlerism is more grave than the effect of its extremist declarations on foreign powers, notably those which, like Britain, were very favorably disposed toward a moderate Germany.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

Louis Quinze

The Chevalier D'Éon, by M. Coryn. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.75.

I HAVE seldom come across a more amusing and entertaining book than this account of one of the most adventurous, ridiculous and amazing careers in history. The Chevalier d'Éon, or Mademoiselle Genevieve, was certainly one of the most extraordinary personages of his time. While reading the story of his adventures, one feels they have not been told in their entirety, that there is something behind it all that is not known. In the France of the Valois and Bourbon kings, there were many ways of silencing those in possession of state secrets, and it appears as if some secret cause was attached to the strange command laid on the Chevalier d'Éon to transform himself into Mademoiselle Genevieve, and to end his days in the nightgown and cap of an old woman. While never mentioned in Mr. Coryn's book this suspicion nevertheless clings to the memory of its hero.

The book is engrossing, and its light tone takes nothing away from its historical interest or from one's sympathy for its absurd hero. In the rapidity of its action it resembles a motion picture. The Chevalier d'Éon becomes a living reality, comical at times, pathetic at others, but never insignificant, never uninteresting, and never impossible, although his preposterous experiences sum up the venality, unscrupulousness, and lack of conscience of those pre-revolutionary Bourbon days, when kings could even transform quarrelsome young fellows into discreet, bewigged and beribboned dowagers.

The book completes the remarkable studies of the late Duc de Broglie on the reign of Louis XV and his secret diplomacy, the use of which has never been properly explained, and it ought to be read in conjunction with them to be properly appreciated from the historical point of view. As a literary product it is almost perfect, providing amusing, interesting and intriguing reading.

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

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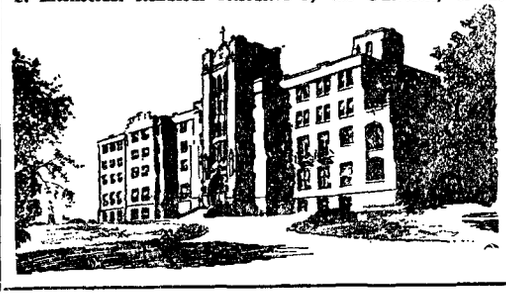

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New England's Prospect: 1933; edited by John K. Wright. New York: American Geographical Society. $5.00.

TWENTY-SEVEN writers join hands in this portly volume to diagnose the industrial, agricultural, political and social activities of New England. Abundant illustrative material supplements what they have to say, and helps to make the book one of the best "regional surveys"—of the interpretive rather than statistical variety—yet made available. That here is not to be found the usual "Hurrah for the home town" stuff is evident from Mr. Edward A. Filene's masterly paper on "Unemployment in New England," which the reader is likely to turn to first, both by reason of its author's name and because the subject is important. Mr. Filene shows that the larger problem of district joblessness antedates the present situation and demands a solution in the interest of all. A complementary paper by John S. Keir deals with "New England's Manufactures." The numerous aspects of agriculture are competently discussed, and several keen papers take up legal and fiscal problems. An introductory historical article by James Truslow Adams makes good reading, while the editor's discussion of the geographical structure of the area affords material indispensable to a correct knowledge of the situation. And of course there is much else, notably Mr. John F. Sly's suggestive but not too probing summary of state and local government. The volume is excellently printed and bound.

A Milton Handbook, by James Holly Hanford. New York: F. S. Crofts and Company. $2.00.

PROFESSOR HANFORD'S excellent manual, several times reprinted, has now been revised to include recent material. From every point of view this is an admirable book, the usefulness of which for the advanced college course has been demonstrated and the value of which to the general reader hardly needs re-emphasis. Roughly speaking, the subject-matter is classified as biography, works and form. The utilization of primary sources is what one would expect of so fine a scholar as Professor Hanford is, and the estimate of critical and other writings bearing upon Milton is uniformly judicious. If one has any quarrel at all, it is with the omission of Mr. Chesterton's Milton essays from the Bibliography. It is true that these add little original knowledge, but they are so stimulating that one hopes not too many students will miss them.

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